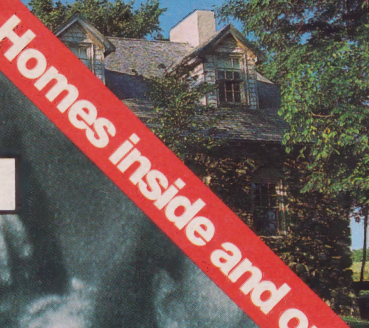
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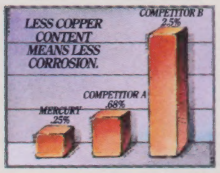
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COVER STORY

On April 1, 1989, Newfoundland observes its 40th anniversary as Canada's tenth province. Our story looks back to the choices of 1949 and questions whether the promises have been realized. **PAGE 12**

COVER PHOTO COURTESY OF CENTRE FOR NFLD. STUDIES ARCHIVES



HOMES

In a special insert, find out everything from how to renovate with sensitivity and integrity to how to decorate your roadside mailbox and be the envy of passersby. **PAGE 19**



FOOD

Is there a snack that's more heartwarming than a warm doughnut freshly sprinkled with cinnamon sugar? Two Fredericton women, whose doughnuts are famous, share their special secrets. **PAGE 50**



SPECIAL REPORT

The Nova Scotia government and Nova Scotia Mic Macs are locked in a struggle over treaty rights that affect native hunting rituals. The Mic Mac don't intend to give up. **PAGE 54**

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DISCOVE NEWFOU & L





Atlantic Insight magazine and the Newfoundland and Labrador Department of Development and Tourism are celebrating *Insight's* 10th Anniversary in a very special way. We know what a great place Newfoundland is to visit so we want to send you and a guest there for a fabulous weeklong vacation.

Newfoundland and Labrador offer visitors the opportunity to visit some of North America's richest historic sites. Natural scenic attractions, parks, theatres, art galleries and a host of other exciting activities are yours to discover when you visit Canada's youngest province.



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5. It is not necessary to subscribe to *Atlantic Insight* magazine in order to enter.
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PUBLISHER'S LETTER

No interest in high rates

Atlantic Canada should be adding its voice to the growing outcry about high interest rates in Canada. Most people are agreed that the whole country is suffering from a "made-for-Toronto" interest rate policy, and it's important that we tell federal politicians that we're as unhappy about it as the vociferous westerners.

Why are high interest rates bad? If you have your money in bonds and investment certificates, or in RRSPs that earn interest income, you may find yourself earning more money when rates are higher.

Borrowers have to pay more, whether it's people looking for mortgage money to finance a new house purchase or businesses wanting to finance an expansion. Ironically, the biggest borrowers in the country are governments who are financing their deficits by borrowing money at home and abroad. When Canadian interest rates go up, so do their costs — and we all end up paying that bill.

Still, interest rates are not high because the government wants to make lenders richer. They're up because policy makers are worrying about another round of galloping inflation. And they're pointing at statistics showing prices are rising too quickly.

Prices are rising too quickly — in Toronto. There, a fullscale boom is underway. The biggest price jumps are in real estate: new homes, existing homes, rents, and the cost of accommodation for businesses. Toronto food prices aren't out of control. Clothes don't cost more there than elsewhere. Travel costs are the same.

Toronto's land-based inflation problem is a direct result of the way that things now work in Canada. The trend to concentration in big business continues unabated, and it happens in medium-sized business too. A recent study of Toronto's economy found that the city's biggest employer was something called the head office sector: jobs in the head offices of national corporations with activities across the country.

Some Ontario politicians are demanding that the provincial government slap a tax on speculative land profits. No one in Ontario suggests ways of distributing growth more fairly and encouraging it to go to parts of the country where people are desperately anxious to find work and where land is cheap.

Meanwhile in Ottawa, where responsibility for the overall shape of our economy rests, no one is doing that either. Instead, the policy makers push up interest rates because they know that higher interest rates will push up mortgage rates and dampen down the real estate market in southern Ontario. They will also dampen down demand for workers in Toronto because businesses will be facing higher borrowing costs.

There are economists on the outside advising the government to keep interest rates low, and not to worry about price increases happening in Toronto. High prices in Toronto will push business away from Toronto.

But letting market forces run their course can generate severe problems too. Alberta found this out in the late '70s and early '80s when rampant land speculation pushed real estate prices to dizzying heights, fuelled by apparently unlimited supplies of loans from regional and national financial institutions. When the crash came, the national lenders could absorb the losses but the regional ones, like Principal Trust, couldn't.

Representatives of Atlantic Canada should be pointing out how high interest rates are keeping unemployment rates high in this part of Canada, discouraging businesses from growing, slowing new home construction and adding to the bills consumers pay. Lowering interest rates and letting unfettered market forces decide on how growth should be distributed is no real alternative. Balancing development across the country is a political question, and one Ottawa has to address. Letting the needs of Toronto dictate key economic policies is unfair, and should not be happening.

Are you on our cover?

To illustrate our cover story, we found a wonderful photograph from the Centre for Newfoundland Studies Archives. The photo was taken in 1948, during the Confederation campaign. But the question no one could answer was: who are the people surrounding Joey Smallwood?

We hope that among our readers will be people with the answer, and we're asking you to write us if you're in the photo, or if you can identify the people who are. And we're making a bit of a contest out of it: we'll be giving 10-year subscriptions to everyone on the cover who can be identified, and we're also offering a 10-year subscription to the first person to successfully identify anyone.

Does anyone recognize that curly-haired kid to Joey's left, or perhaps even the partly-obscured young boys at his shoulder? If one of the people in the photo happens to be you, tell us what you remember of the campaign — and this particular moment, if you can recall it.

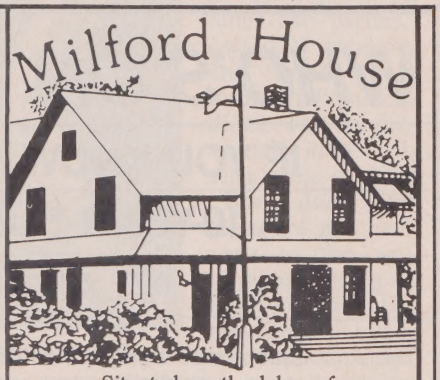
— James Lorimer

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FEEDBACK

Dispelling myths or poisoned barbs?

Ray Guy's back page article *The Maritimes fail to wow us* (Feb.'89) hit upon the most grating of my pet peeves — the frequent and incorrect reference to Newfoundland as one of the four Maritime Provinces ... Having repeatedly argued with fellow Canadians as to the distinction between the Maritime and Atlantic Provinces, I was almost to the point of admitting defeat when I discovered that Ray Guy is also out to dispel this long standing geographic myth...

Given Newfoundland's traditional place as a tiny square insert on larger maps of the Maritimes, it is no wonder that first-time visitors to the province often remark, "I had no idea it was so big..."

Ellen Alcock
St. John's, Nfld.

What was the occasion of Ray Guy's poisoned barbs directed against the Maritimes in *The Maritimes fail to wow us* (Feb.'89)?

Had the Council of Maritime Premiers celebrated Brian Peckford's departure by popping open vintage bottles of Andrés Baby Duck? Was Frank McKenna insisting that the Meech Lake Accord be revised to entrench the principle of cheap electricity from Labrador to Quebec? Had the Prince Edward Island navy turned back a shipment of Newfoundland cucumbers?

No. It turns out that what aroused Mr. Guy to direct such mean little squirts of vitriol against his fellow Atlantic Canadians was the astonishing fact that a map of the Maritimes, designed as a teaching resource for a Maritime studies course offered in all three Maritime Provinces, did not show Newfoundland. Mind you, he did not take the trouble to inform us as to why a map of the Maritimes should include Newfoundland...

Brian Forbes
Yarmouth, N.S.

Literacy efforts applauded

The Metro Literacy Coalition, an organization representing more than 18 agencies and literary projects in the Halifax-Dartmouth and Halifax County areas, would like to thank you for your article about the excellent local publication *The East Coast Reader* in *East Coast Reader eases the work of new readers* (Jan'89). This newspaper has been a tremendous resource and support for the literacy community by printing news items in easy to read format. This has enabled adults enrolled in a variety of programs to improve their literacy skills while reading relevant information...

However, local literacy projects desperately need more material of this kind...Apart from *The East Coast Reader* (which has a very small budget), no other funding has been made available for literacy level learning materials...

Meredith Hutchings
Halifax, N.S.

Evoking bittersweet memories

Your articles *Christmas in the country* (Dec.'88) by Elaine Rector and *The Christmas concert* by MacPherson Eveleigh evoke many bittersweet memories. I attended a one-room school on the Miramichi and the Christmas concert was the highlight of the festive season.

The one I particularly remember was when I was five years old and not attending school because then a child had to be six to attend. However, the teacher was from the community and permitted me to say a recitation. We went by horse and sleigh, bells jingling and a lantern hung on the sleigh which, along with many others, lighted the schoolhouse. I was wearing a new red toque which Santa had mysteriously left the night before by the kitchen stove. On arrival home my grandmother, whom we lived with, had made her plum pudding — steamed in a flour bag — and I was given a goodly portion before going to bed but it was long before I fell asleep...

Since I was a recipient of a Lord Beaverbrook Award, I was delighted to read the article on him, *'...where my heart has always been'* (Jan.'89). Like he does, I make the pilgrimage to the Miramichi each year...

Elizabeth MacKinnon
Belleville, Ont.

Time is running out

I was dismayed and appalled to read about land speculation in Prince Edward Island as described in Lorraine Begley's *Down-home absentee landlords ushering in dangerous new era* (Feb.'89).

Land and water are the foundation of the Island's economy. As well, the pattern of land ownership and attendant population distribution have largely determined community and social development. Unrestricted non-resident and non-productive ownership of land would increase the pressure on the basic industries and undermine community life.

Other jurisdictions have taken measures to curb land speculation. What more is needed on Prince Edward Island? Whether it is stronger legislation or more rigorous administration or political will, it seems that time is running out.

Zilpha Linkletter
Halifax, N.S.

WHO'S ON THE COVER?

IF YOU KNOW YOU COULD WIN A 10-YEAR SUBSCRIPTION TO ATLANTIC INSIGHT

This April issue makes it official. *Atlantic Insight's* been in business for ten years. So we're celebrating, and we'd like you to join the festivities!

The cover photo on this issue features Joey Smallwood, wearing his characteristic hat and bow-tie, campaigning in Newfoundland in 1948.

We would like you to identify any one of the people shown in the picture with Mr. Smallwood. The first readers to do this will win a 10-year subscription to *Atlantic Insight* magazine for themselves and the person they identified.

Send your name, address and telephone number along with the picture identifying at least one person to:

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Confederation of Regions presents unilingual outlook

While the opponents of bilingualism are predicting seats in the next legislature, other observers have their doubts

by Robert Jones

For New Brunswick's persistent but fledgling English-rights activists, it was the unmistakable nod of approval that they had been awaiting for years.

On the night of last November's federal election, in communities from St. George in the southwest to Sackville in the southeast and up through the Miramichi, candidates carrying the banner of the Prairie-based and anti-bilingual Confederation of Regions Party (CoR) posted impressive vote totals in dozens of towns and villages. In all, 17,000 New Brunswick residents turned their backs on the country's three major political parties and the raging debate on free trade to, instead, express their dissatisfaction with the national language policy.

It was an unlikely election on which to excite voters about issues other than free trade and it was an even unlikelier party with which to do it. But for the forces opposed to the legislated equality of French and English in the province, CoR's performance was cherished evidence of support and rock solid proof of the viability of a fourth provincial party — one dedicated solely to dismantling New Brunswick's bilingual institutions.

Archie Pafford, an artist and sculptor, stunned many in the province by winning 11 per cent of the vote and finishing third in the riding of Miramichi. Although CoR had positions on a number of issues, there was no question where its support was coming from, he says. "They were concerned about bilingualism. That's why we received the vote."

Certainly after the election no one was suggesting that New Brunswick had embraced the Confederation of Regions Party because of some popular national trend or the party's charismatic leader. Nationally the party was an unqualified flop, averaging just 700 votes in each of the 46 ridings it fought outside of New Brunswick. In British Columbia, the two CoR candidates managed only 113 votes between them while, in Saskatchewan, party leader Elmer Knutson was crushed, receiving just one per cent of the vote in his riding of Saskatoon-Dundurn.

In New Brunswick, CoR blossomed despite the party's dismal showing elsewhere and despite other internal difficulties, averaging six per cent or 2,400 votes in each of the seven ridings it contested.

"When you consider that no one had heard of CoR nine weeks before the election, that it was a rush job getting started and that we didn't have the resources our competition had, I would have to say I was pleased and somewhat surprised with the result," says Pafford.

But even more impressive than the party's overall performance on short notice and a limited budget, and more significant in the context of provincial politics, CoR attracted heavy support in a number of concentrated areas. Pafford, whose 11 per cent of the vote led all CoR candidates, actually received 18 per cent of the vote in the polls that constitute the provincial riding of Miramichi-Newcastle. Similarly, Russell Bowes, who attracted just four per cent of the vote in the riding of Beausejour, received a far more respectable 12 per cent in Dorchester, Sackville, Port Elgin, Westcook, Cape Tormentine, Baie Verte and Point de Bute, the major communities that make up the provincial riding of Tantramar.

In fact, so pleased was CoR with the way its success transferred to a provincial political map that it moved quickly to establish a provincial wing of the party. By January it had selected a president, by February it had its 10th riding association.

The breathless development of CoR into a full-fledged provincial party raised two important questions for the three parties that already existed — where were their votes coming from and what would their chances for success be?

Initially, most commentators within New Brunswick's media were content to assign CoR's support to former Conservative voters disillusioned with the party's courtship of francophones both nationally and within the province. Officials from the established parties, however, disagreed. "A fair amount of their support came from our voters," says Progressive Conservative president Richard Johnson. "But a lot of their people are from other than the Conservative party."

In fact, in the federal riding of Beausejour, much of the CoR vote appeared to flow in, not from the Conservative party, but from the NDP. CoR candidate Russell Bowes' collection of 550 votes in Sackville, Dorchester and Port Elgin, mirrored almost exactly the NDP's loss of 570 votes in those communities from its 1987 provincial election totals.



KENNETH WALLS

Archie Pafford (left) fared better than leader Elmer Knutson

"There's no question that their votes are coming from everywhere — from us as well as the other two parties," says NDP treasurer and former MLA Robert Hall, the candidate who ran provincially in the Sackville area in 1987. "But I don't think these are new converts to the anti-bilingual group. I think you will find they were always of that opinion but had no one to vote for."

Hall says that CoR has a well-defined and finite constituency and will be unable to move its vote forward to the point of electing members to the legislature. On that point, Johnson agreed. "They have an awfully narrow agenda around which to form an entire party," he says. "And they've tapped into a feeling that I think the vast majority of us in New Brunswick don't want to live with."

For his part, Pafford says that the other parties are whistling in the dark and predicts that CoR would be well represented in the legislature after the next election.

"I honestly think I would even have had (Miramichi M.P.) Maurice Dionne on the run if it hadn't been for free trade," Pafford says. "There's no question that we'll elect a number of members provincially. No question at all."

RCMP and bootleggers play cat-and-mouse game

Bootleg mining is illegal and not particularly profitable but, for some Cape Bretoners, it's a means of survival

by Hal Dornadic

The morning of Jan. 29, 1988 dawned crisp and clear in Cape Breton. The -17° Celsius temperature made progress over the snow-covered ground a "squeaky" business. The two armed men, Shelley Emerson and Gary Smith were hunting, although their quarry wasn't deer or rabbits. Emerson and Smith were, and still are, constables with the RCMP. . . and they were hunting that elusive game called bootleg miners.

The two constables spent a long day in the woods about a mile from the highway that runs through Gardiner Mines, a small community between the mining towns of Glace Bay and New Waterford. The bootleggers they were hunting knew officers were waiting at the entrance to the pit. That knowledge drove the three men deeper into their illegal coal mine and started a cat-and-mouse game between the police and the bootleggers. It was dark that evening before the bootleg miners finally came out of their pit.

In the end John Mackie, 57, of New Waterford, his 55-year-old brother, James, and 35-year-old Roy Manuel Ward of Glace Bay were arrested by the officers and charged with illegal mining. When they appeared in court on Feb. 24 last year, the charges read that the three "did unlawfully operate a mine to extract a mineral, to wit, coal, without first having obtained a lease for such purpose contrary to section 82 of the Mineral Resources Act." Provincial court judge George Levatte fined the men $1,000 each and ordered that the pit be filled in.

Though judged to be criminals by the justice system in Nova Scotia, these bootleg miners were carrying out a form of survival that is common among unemployed miners in Cape Breton.

A bootleg mine is little more than a hole in the ground with a ladder that gives the bootleg miner access to the coal seam, usually only a few feet below the surface. The mine usually springs up near a legal pit, since the direction of the seam can usually be followed once a bearing is reached at the legal pit. And, a lot of the old bootleg pits are well-known to the local residents, since some worked the pits before they were old enough to be hired by the Cape Breton Development Corporation, (DEVCO) which operates most of Cape Breton's legal mines.

While technology has taken over most of the pick-and-shovel work in today's modern coal mine, the bootleg pit remains basically unchanged from the mining-by-hand days. The bootleggers follow the seam, chipping away at the coal deposit with picks and then loading the coal into buckets to be hauled to the surface by rope by the person who also acts as a lookout for either DEVCO Security or the RCMP. Besides the coal removed, a lot of stone has to be cleared in the same manner. It's back-breaking work physically but there's also the constant mental strain of possibly getting caught and having to pay the hefty fines. Still, the practice continues. And while few bootleggers will openly admit to the commission of such a crime, John Mackie says bootleggers rarely have a choice.

The constables were hunting but their quarry wasn't deer or rabbits

The victim of a serious heart attack, Mackie was ordered by his family doctor not to do any heavy manual labour. At the time he was employed by DEVCO and working underground. He requested a less strenuous aboveground job but, when there was none available, he was out of work.

"I can't sit around the house and do nothing" he says, "while accepting money from the taxpayer. So, we get caught bootlegging and we get the maximum fine. If you were making lots of money, what the hell, $1,000 is nothing. But, when you're not making that kind of money, it's rough."

Legal coal production in Nova Scotia was worth $167 million in 1985, with most of that coal produced from the rich Sydney Coal Fields in Cape Breton. But there's not a lot of money to be made in bootleg mining.

Because it's illegal, bootlegging usually involves only two or three people. And because of the necessity of working by hand, coal recovery is slow. In the winter, the road leading to the pit has to be plowed to allow trucks into the pit to haul the coal. Then there's the problem of water seeping into the coal workings. That has to be pumped out. And the process of stone removal is slow. Add to that the fact that bootleg coal only brings about $40 per ton (compared to $140 at the DEVCO price) and the margin of profit is minimal. But, when times get tough, as they do sometimes in the mining communities of Cape Breton, coal miners revert to the old ways and head for the bootleg pits. It even happens during layoffs and strikes at the DEVCO mines.

John Mackie's father, Daniel, preceded John in the bootleg pits. At age 77, the elder Mackie says it was a way of life, although the penalties weren't as severe in his day. "At that time, they'd take you down and give you a fine of $25 or $30. But now it's different. If you get caught there, you're trespassing on their property. It's different altogether."

Although legal miners occasionally express some resentment about the bootleggers, most Cape Bretoners accept the practice and many are willing to buy the bootleg coal, understanding the plight of those who are involved in the illegal practice.

Though the work is hard and the conditions poor, Dan Mackie says if he had to, he'd go back to the bootleg pits. "If there was nothing else, sure, I'd go back. Sometimes that was the only way. You've got to make a living."

When the three bootleggers were arrested in January of 1988, it was John Mackie's second arrest for illegal mining. His first conviction a year before netted him a $500 fine which he was paying at a rate of $10 a month — a low rate agreed to by the court due to Mackie's special circumstances. The additional $1,000 fine only added to his problems and will likely drive him back to the bootleg pit.

There has been some assistance though for the three convicted men. Richard Schlesinger, a retired construction worker from the Annapolis Valley, drove to New Waterford after hearing about the arrests and fines. He was appalled that the men were fined for bootlegging. "He saw a news report on television that showed where we were working," Mackie says, "and he said 'when I saw where you fellows were working, I figured you should get a medal, not a fine.' " Schlesinger wrote out three cheques for $500 each for the three men.

Taking care of the trash

Charlottetown may not have all the answers but its sewage, garbage and waste disposal solutions are reason for envy

by H. Shirley Horne

The vision of being buried in their own garbage and surrounded by their own wastes is a disquieting one, faced today by many urban residents in the region. But Charlottetown, with its efficient garbage incinerator and sewage treatment plant, could turn out to be the envy of larger, more affluent cities.

In the early '80s, Charlottetown was running out of landfill sites and none of the surrounding municipalities was willing — not surprisingly — to accept the city's garbage.

It was a problem that had to be solved with some degree of urgency so after a good deal of research — and not a little politics — the city of Charlottetown bought an American manufactured Tricil Energy From Waste unit and located it in a plant in the municipality of Parkdale, just outside the city limits. And since the plant would need a customer to purchase the steam it would generate, it was decided to locate the plant adjacent to the Queen Elizabeth Hospital. Today, the plant provides 70 to 80 per cent of the energy for the 500-bed complex.

"The technology is quite new," says Peter Klaassen, branch manager of the Energy From Waste plant. He points out that there are only a few incinerating plants in Canada — Quebec City, London and Hamilton among them.

Klaassen says that very little pollution results from the incinerating process. "The incinerator works at a primary temperature of 700° Celsius," he says. "You actually limit the amount of oxygen you introduce into the primary chamber. The oxygen works to drive the combustible gases from the refuse. The secondary chamber then introduces the excess oxygen and completes the combustion of the combustible gases. Then the hot gases are collected and put through a boiler to produce steam."

When the plant opened, its emissions met the Ontario guidelines which, says Klaassen, "were quite high at the time." But Bill Howard of the environmental management branch of the department of the environment, says if the plant should expand, the level of emissions would have to be looked at again. "Guidelines are stricter today," he says.

Residents of Charlottetown don't separate their garbage. The city collects the garbage and, except for certain very large pieces, the plant accepts it as is. "The incinerator reduces the garbage to approximately 10 per cent inert ash along with glass and a few non-combustible items. This makes a landfill site last 10 times longer and also removes some of the objectionable reasons that municipalities have for not accepting the sites."

As far back as 1966, the P.E.I. Water Authority was formed to be responsible for sewage treatment. Arthur Hiscock, who chairs the Authority, says there was considerable concern for the environment at that time. "It went into dormancy during the '70s," he says, "but when flourishing shellfish beds in the harbour had to be closed down because they were polluted, the government became concerned."

Once again, consultation, research and politics played a large part in bringing Charlottetown's sewage treatment to an efficient level. But finally, an incorporated body called the Charlottetown Area Pollution Control Commission was formed which eventually included representatives from four of the surrounding municipalities which became partners in the enterprise. And in the early '70s, the $4.1 million plant began operation. Costs were shared equally among federal, provincial and municipal governments.

The plant was located adjacent to the Energy From Waste Plant, overlooking Charlottetown Harbour. It's owned by the Charlottetown Area Pollution Control Commission, managed by the Charlottetown Water Commission and serves a population of approximately 30,000. And although its secondary uses haven't progressed as far as was originally planned; Herman VanHomme, general manager, says that further work is planned.

"The solids are decomposed under heat in a secondary tank and when they reach a certain level, they're pumped onto a tanker and spread on specially prepared sites as fertilizer," he says. However, as the solids decompose, they produce methane gas. In the beginning it was planned to produce enough methane to make the plant self-sufficient in energy. "That's the part we're working toward."

Although provincial and municipal officials all would agree that Greater Charlottetown's primary treatment plant and garbage incinerating unit are not a perfect solution, they nevertheless feel that a good start had been made on what has turned out to be a major problem of the '80s.



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Possibility of drastic cuts has fishing industry worried

New scientific advice on the state of Northern Cod stocks could be a devastating blow to fishermen and plant workers

by Richard Hayes

The anonymous wit who penned the lighthearted lines that open the 1982 Kirby Task Force's chapter on Northern Cod may have been something of a poet, but it's now obvious that he or she was a lousy prophet.

The cod stocks of 2J3KL
Produces excitement pell-mell
It's a fast growing stock,
Which all want to dock
Who gets it, we're here to tell

Prospects of future prosperity for the East Coast fishery are increasingly dependent on the massive Northern Cod stocks off Newfoundland and Labrador's northeastern coast. The early February announcement of the Department of Fisheries and Oceans' 1989 management plan for cod in the 2J3KL fishing zone has therefore hit the industry with devastating force.

Faced with scientific advice that originally recommended cutting the Total Allowable Catch (TAC) from the 1988 level of 266,000 metric tonnes to just 125,000 — a 53 per cent drop — political and fishing industry leaders were quick to register their concerns.

Newfoundland's outgoing premier Brian Peckford said that a drastic cut in Northern Cod allocations will cause "indescribable pain" to the province's vital fishing industry. Union leader Richard Cashin, whose organization represents the offshore fishermen and plant workers who would bear the brunt of any massive quota cuts, said "the implications are tremendous." And Cabot Martin, a former key advisor to Peckford who now leads the Newfoundland Inshore Fishermen's Association, claimed the new scientific view of the stock's condition was direct evidence of "a made-in-Canada ecological disaster."

Given the sheer size of the Northern Cod stocks, it's not surprising that the new scientific advice has jolted Eastern Canada's fishing industry. The 2J3KL cod accounts for close to 25 per cent of Eastern Canada's landings of all groundfish species and almost half its catch of cod, a species that's highly regarded in the all-important American marketplace. Any major problems with the stock could decimate the northeast coast's inshore sector, which employs close to 2,000 fishermen and plant workers in areas with no other source of work.

Fishery Products International (FPI), the province's offshore giant, suspended trading of shares for a day, when a rumour about major quota cuts started circulating, in an effort to keep share prices from nosediving. Nova Scotia's National Sea Products, the other major company that fishes Northern Cod, reacted similarly.



GREG LOCKE

Workers at National Sea's St. John's plant may face layoffs because of the quota cuts

While the new scientific view of the state of Northern Cod has raised serious concern, the Department of Fisheries and Oceans' (DFO) new management plan for 2J3KL has also generated controversy. In early February, DFO minister Tom Siddon met with the Atlantic Groundfish Advisory Committee, which represents various stock users. A few days later, he announced that this year's TAC would drop to 235,000 metric tonnes, a 31,000 tonne reduction, with the offshore sector being the losers. That's still 110,000 tonnes above the scientific view of what should be taken if Canada is to keep to its long-term management plan for Northern Cod, which calls for fishing levels that will encourage quick rebuilding.

The 31,000 tonne cut will be borne mainly by FPI and NatSea, who will lose 20 per cent of their 2J3KL allocations. Smaller mobile and fixed gear vessels in the 65 ft. to 100 ft. range will lose 2,000 tonnes. The Resource Short Plant Program, which took Northern Cod caught offshore to inshore plants to extend their short processing season and improve their viability, will receive approximately 3,100 fewer tonnes this year. Despite retaining its 115,000 tonne allocation, the inshore sector was quick to condemn the new management plan. The sector says it places the future of the inshore fishermen and plants at risk to protect the two offshore companies which it claims are responsible for the stock's current depressed state.

Siddon defended the TAC of 235,000 tonnes, saying it should avoid any actual reduction of the stock's size but give the department more time to ensure the new scientific advice is valid. He also promptly announced that a special panel would review the DFO scientists' work before further action would be taken. He has asked the panel for an interim report by May with a final report due next December, in time to be used to set the 1990 TAC.

Even the modest reductions Siddon announced will mean at least short term pain for Newfoundlanders working for FPI. President Vic Young says his company already lost 17 million pounds of flounder quotas on the Grand Banks, where hard-pressed stocks continue to be overfished by foreign vessels operating outside Canada's 200-mile limit. The company had hoped to recoup part of that cut when the Northern Cod quotas were announced. Instead, they find themselves out another 25 million pounds of cod.

"The bottom line is that this is a very serious situation," says Young. "At this point, everything's on hold and all our options for coping with this are open." With not enough fish to supply two plants, 750 to 800 workers and two trawlers, he refused to rule out additional downtime, layoffs or plant closures as a means of dealing with the situation.

With this year's management plan now set, more than one question remains. How could DFO's scientific advice and the subsequent management plans have been so far off the mark for so long? How badly has the stock's recovery been slowed and how long will it take to regain the lost growth?

If the panel's work and next year's scientific advice bear out this year's information, another big question remains to be answered. If DFO cuts the 1990 Northern Cod allocations to 125,000 tonnes, who will lose the 141,000 tonnes of cod left in the water to rebuild Eastern Canada's most important fish stock?



PHOTOS COURTESY CENTRE FOR NEWFOUNDLAND STUDIES ARCHIVES

Joey Smallwood signed the terms of union with Canada to make Newfoundland the country's tenth province on March 31, 1949

As chose our fathers: 40 years of Confederation

"God let Moses lead the chosen people out of Egypt, but He didn't let him lead them to the Promised Land. Sometimes I think God might have done the same thing to Joey Smallwood."—Grace Sparkes

by J. M. Sullivan

I needed some inspiration, so I went for a walk. *Atlantic Insight* wanted a story on Confederation and had given me the assignment.

No problem, I thought. Wasn't I just talking about Confederation the other night? Didn't I have the whole thing solved? "We need a René Levesque," I'd said. Passionate, eloquent, addicted to democracy. Then we could be like those feisty PQs, shouting "Ce n'est pas ma province. C'est mon pays!" It's not my province, it's my country!

Insight had offered a few suggestions to focus the article. How had union with Canada affected Newfoundland's economy? (There were some improvements.) What impact did Confederation have on the Newfoundland psyche? (A detrimental one.) How widespread is the nationalistic feeling now? (Pretty wide, thanks to Premier Brian Peckford's skillful linkage of the emotion to the province's inherent right to its own resources.)

Hours of research were completed, interviews were transcribed and I needed to know where to start. So I took a walk. I expected to be soothed and challenged by the hunched patterns of the downtown houses with their backsides to the harbour, by the black and white rhythms of the Southside Hills. Instead I found myself struggling along a narrow track punched into the snow by assorted townie boots. Slices of ice slyly hid beneath the slush. The wind blew in my face no matter which way I turned.

Normally, I'm as proud of and as curious about my ancestors as your next Newfoundlander. I once burst into tears listening to an old version of *The Ode to Newfoundland:*

As loved our fathers, so we love
Where once they stood we stand . . .

But on days like this it's all you can do not to dig up said ancestors and ask them, "What in the name of God did you think you were doing?"

The bareness and starkness of this island holds its own special beauty but it must have been an unpromising sight for those early settlers. The land and sea can be so harsh and overpowering that it's played a strong role in developing this island people's character. The heredity versus environment debate may send various 'ologists into hours of discussion elsewhere, but here we know our heredity is our environment.

And it can be a savage one. Yet those early settlers literally fought to stay here. Britain, France, Portugal and Spain all

had an eye on the rich fish stocks and there were many struggles for their control. At the same time, no European government encouraged year-round living here. Usually this appears to be an early example of wealthy outside interests trying to control the island's politics and economics. But on days like this it seems possible these old monarchs simply had their subjects' health and mental well-being in mind.

The landscape invites these conflicting feelings. I love the place fiercely but I'm convinced it's dying. Maybe that just comes from a tendency to be always on the losing side of a battle. Newfoundlanders have had a lot of experience with that.

The Confederation debate is not the bar brawl it once was, but there are still echoes. It's in the local jokes:
CN Rail pulls all train service from the island;
Newfoundland Separatists blow up railway tracks in protest.

It's in the local politics: Peckford almost singlehandedly reinvented nationalism with his fight to possess the oil fields.

It's in the local artistic expression, a thread through many books, poems, paintings and plays: in Ray Guy's play *Frogpond*, set in post-Confederation Newfoundland, about the untimely demise of one member of a merchant class family, an anti-Joey family; in the non-fiction of Herbert Pottle (*Dawn Without Light*) and Ben Walsh (*More Than a Poor Majority*). It's an undercurrent in the art of Gerald Squires and David Blackwood, in the poetry of Albert Perlin and Al Pittman, and in the films of David Pope and Paul Pope.

But while Newfoundland has had to "face the facts" about Confederation, there are still legitimate questions about the goings-on leading up to the vote over the island's future. For who had time to stop and think on the way to the Promised Land? It was a fast forward march into progress, with opportunities for all and deprivation for none. And so Confederation came.



After all the rhetoric, it was up to the voters to decide the fate of Newfoundland

But there are things you can change about Newfoundland and things you can't. There would be no more poverty, people were told — well, there was a little more money in the average pocket. And, compared to the years of the Commission of Government — a governing body appointed in Great Britain in the mid '30s after decades of political and economic fiascos brought Newfoundland to the brink of ruin — there was also more political independence.

Still, provincial governments took up the same economic pattern of building on our weaknesses. And Newfoundlanders continued their particular habit of re-electing scoundrels by the busloads.

In addition, on Confederation Day, it was as if a whole island of immigrants had pulled up to the Canadian shore and they were greeted with disdain. It wasn't long before the place was considered fit only for a joke's punchline. To this day, Newfoundlanders see Canada consistently described as stretching "from Vancouver to Halifax." Newfoundlanders in general were considered a drain on the benevolent Canadian purse.

While I was researching this article I asked two friends what they would call the psychology of Newfoundland. Unhesitatingly they replied "cynicism" and "welfare." Not that we were about to rush out and form the Party Newfoundlander. It's pretty well intrinsic in the Newfoundland psyche to believe that "we can't make it on our own."

But could we? What was Newfoundland really like, BC — Before Confederation? It's a question I had to take to someone else because I'm part of the first generation of Canadians. I was born at the same hospital and went to the same school as my mother but we were born and educated in different countries. Every family has its own perspective on Confederation and mine is no exception. Looking for a reliable source on pre-Confederation life, I talked to my father.

Now, Dr. Arthur Sullivan is a psychologist at Memorial University. Then, he was a 17-year-old lad in Trinity.

"In our part of Newfoundland, Confederation was not fought as violently



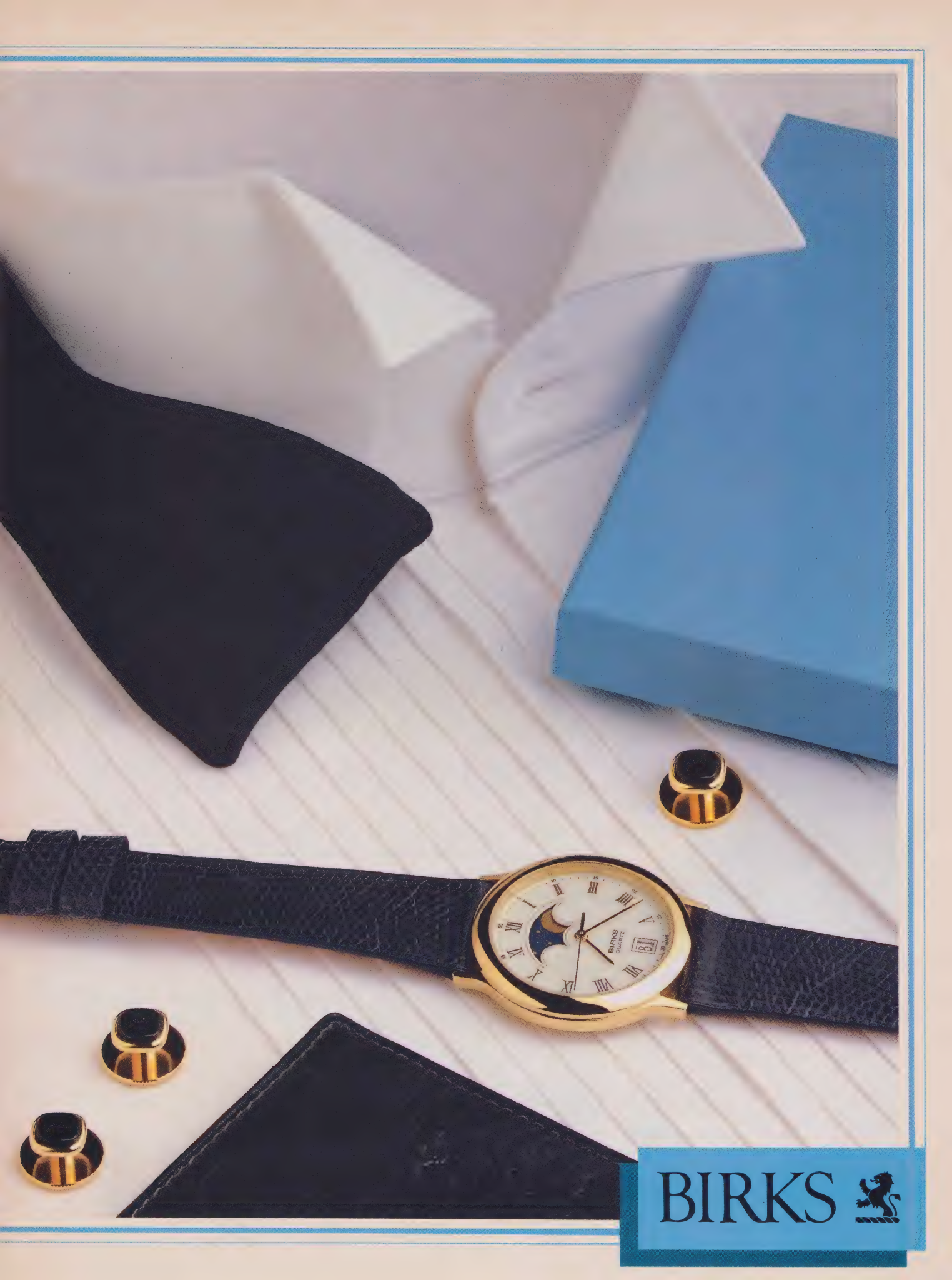
The future course for Newfoundland was hotly debated in the Colonial Building in 1946



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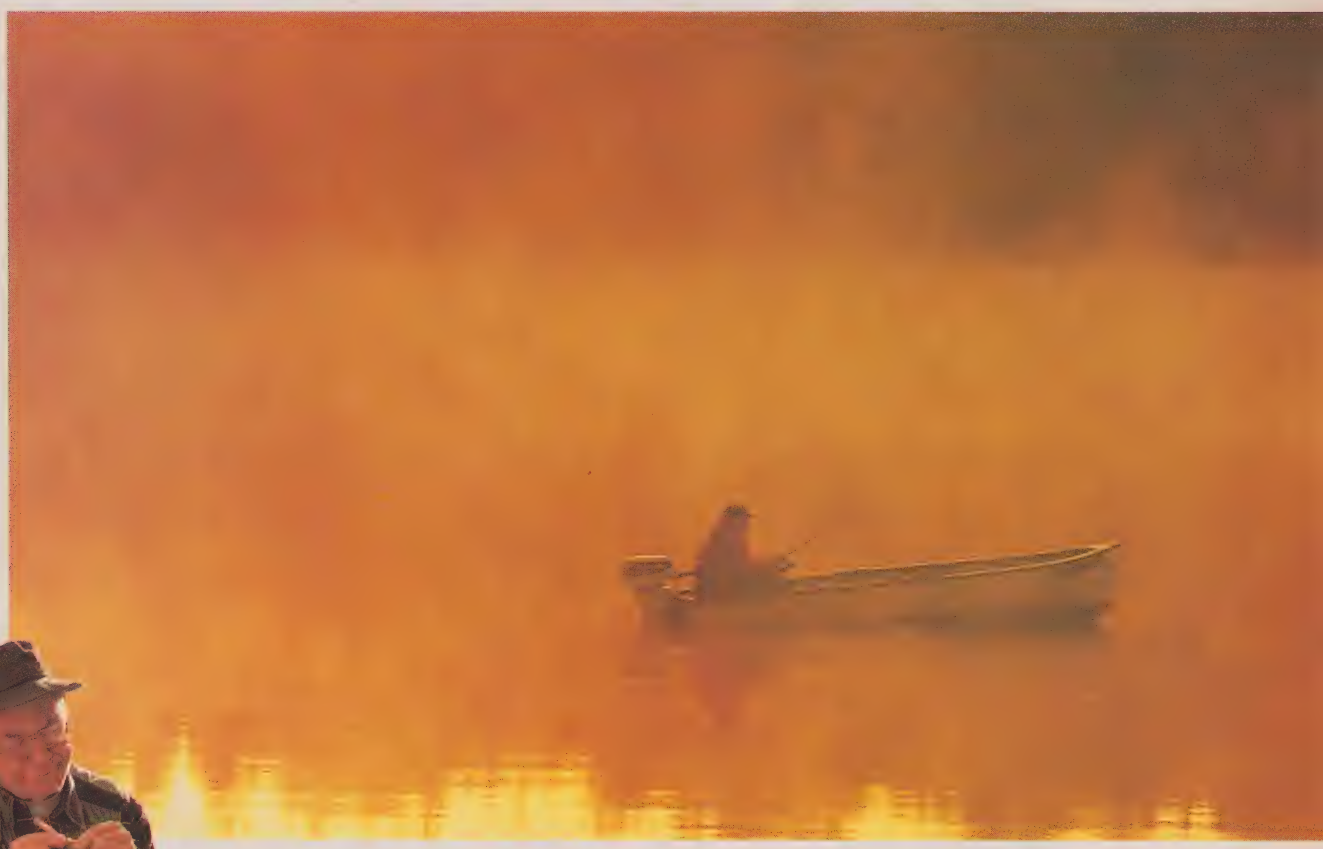


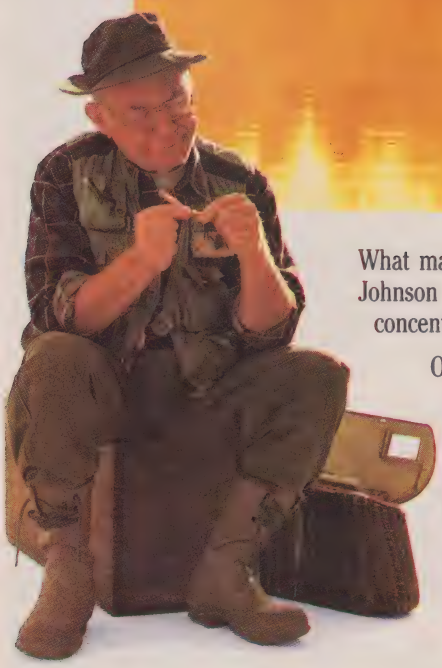
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as it was on the Avalon Peninsula," he says. "There was a lot of religious involvement there. The priest in our community, Father Burke, was an anti-Confederate. The day before voting day he got up in the pulpit and said, 'I'm not going to tell you how to vote, but don't sell away your country.'

"Before Confederation, people had no money. They really had no money. The old-age pension was $7.50 a month for a single person, $12.50 for two people after the age of 75 and that with a means test. After Confederation, everyone got $40 a month. There was more freedom, people could buy what had previously been luxury items."

Even the most ardent anti-Confederates agreed that old age pensioners had good reason to vote for joining Canada. It was the promise of social programs they found hardest to fight. The Responsible Government League could not match these pledges of increased income. The League had been organized by a group of St. John's business people — mainly but not exclusively merchants — to fight against Confederation but also to fight for a return to Newfoundland self-government after years of being governed by the Commission appointed in Great Britain.

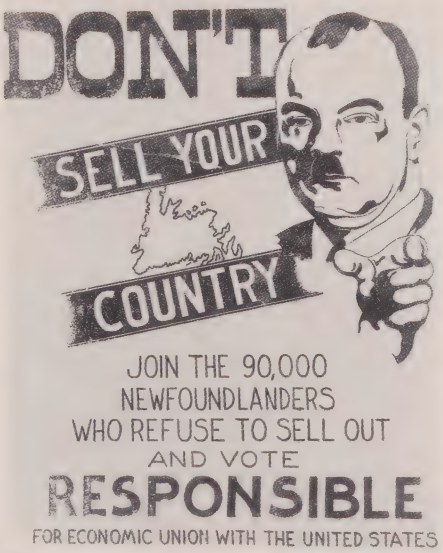
"Nationalism wasn't really an issue," Sullivan says. "In Trinity there wasn't much reluctance to becoming part of Canada — although there was in other parts of the island — the vote was very close. Some of the reasons were amusing — there was one woman who wanted no part of Canada because she didn't think she could take the cold Canadian winters."

There was a group of people proposing Economic Union with the United States, but they received surprisingly little support. Newfoundland had gradually moved from a North Atlantic orientation to a North American one, and there was trading with the States. There was much genuine affection towards Americans — thousands of Newfoundland women had married American servicemen and cultural exports like country-and-western music quickly became a part of Newfoundland's daily life.

But Joey Smallwood dubbed that alliance the Comic Union which had the desired effect of reducing its credibility. In addition, most Newfoundlanders wanted to stay under the British crown.

The Responsible Government League got an uneasy reception in Trinity. "Unfortunately they were centred in St. John's and we thought anything that was good for St. John's couldn't possibly be good for us," says Sullivan.

That division between St. John's and the rest of the island persists to this day. The first federal election produced two Tory seats and five Liberal — exactly

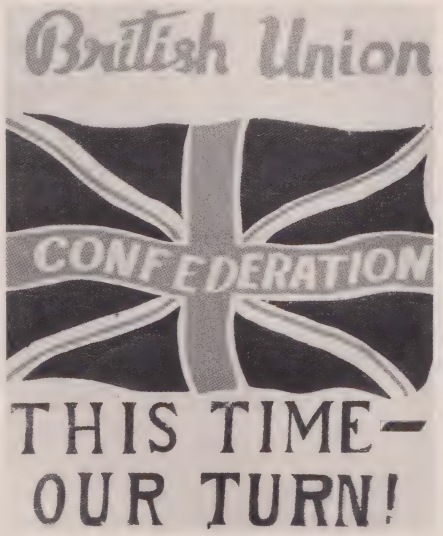


Union with the States was one proposal

what happened in the 1988 federal election. The anti-Confederate townies will not elect a Liberal representative. Districts outside the capital city occasionally return a Conservative, but they feel more comfortable in the Liberal fold.

"The main vocal people were for responsible self-government, but the general perception was that we hadn't done a very good job of governing ourselves. Democracy had been suspended several times before the Commission government was appointed. In the end, the silent majority wanted Confederation," Sullivan says.

People got their information about Confederation in a variety of ways but a big hit with people all over the island were the broadcasts from the National Convention. The Convention act was passed in 1946 and meetings were convened in order to provide a forum for discussion and, in the end, to determine the future of Newfoundland. People were elected in each area of the province to represent their area — and they had to be born in



Loyalty to the Crown was a major factor

the district they represented.

"That was a new thing for us," says Sullivan. "Before that, the parties would parachute in all the candidates. The proceedings were broadcast every night for three hours," Sullivan continues. "Nobody seems to know who authorized these broadcasts but people listened very seriously. I remember we kept hearing what we thought was this fellow saying, 'Pint of water! Pint of water!' It was Joey, of course, saying 'Point of order!' Those broadcasts captured the imagination like a soap opera. Joey got his popular following there."

It was a popularity partly fuelled by the kind of rhetoric the early union leader, William Coaker, had used to build his fishermen's union: the big business interests against the little guy. Water Street — the merchant class — was trying to keep the average Newfoundlander down, or as Smallwood would say, "trying to take away the best chance they ever had to make Newfoundland a better place for themselves and their families."

It was that kind of interpretation people now question about Confederation. While many people think union with Canada would have happened eventually — the commercial links were there and there was that loyalty to the Crown that many Newfoundlanders held dear — "It wasn't the fight we thought it was then," Sullivan says.

"When I look at the way Newfoundland lost its self-government, there's no doubt in my mind that Britain should have returned Newfoundland to self-government after the Commission of Government had finished its business. Another thing we've found out since then is, while Joey Smallwood presented himself as the lone person against the big influences, he held all the cards. The British Government placed tremendous resources at his disposal. It wasn't tiny Joey against giant Water Street, it was tiny Water Street against giant Joey."

The internal power struggle was more for a new political structure than a new political identity and, as the dust cleared, Newfoundland had stumbled into progress. It wasn't and isn't an easy transition, as Sullivan concludes: "Suddenly there was a feeling of being dependent on, and beholden to, people from upalong."

What kind of damage has this done to the Newfoundland self-image? There's a widespread feeling of being hard done by, and daily realities of unemployment and standards of living that fall beneath those on the mainland.

Historian/professor George Storey has written that Newfoundlanders don't want to think of themselves as great, just unique. If Storey is correct, Newfoundlanders can cite many examples of their special culture and a unique way of life.

For one thing, despite disgraceful rates

of poverty, violence levels are pretty low.

Memorial's anthropologist/author Elliott Leyton expresses surprise at the peacefulness of the society. "Newfoundland demonstrates how much more powerful culture is than deprivation," he says. "There's an emphasis here on cordiality and the cultural response to violence is a negative one. The aggressive individual is regarded as psycho."

That cordiality is evident in Grace Sparkes' comparison of Joey Smallwood and Moses and their quest for the Promised Land. She made that comparison late one February afternoon, after spending an hour discussing the Responsible Government League, of which she was a fervent and articulate member. She is eloquent, so it wasn't the poetry of the remark that was unusual. It was that, while Sparkes has been many things — teacher, actor, journalist, political candidate — she's never been a fan of Smallwood's.

Yet here she was blending a little sympathy with her evaluation of the various hijinks that characterized the debate over Newfoundland's future. She may still feel anger over the Confederate victory 40 years ago. She fought hard against it, writing articles and giving speeches, attending meetings that sometimes met with a nasty reception.

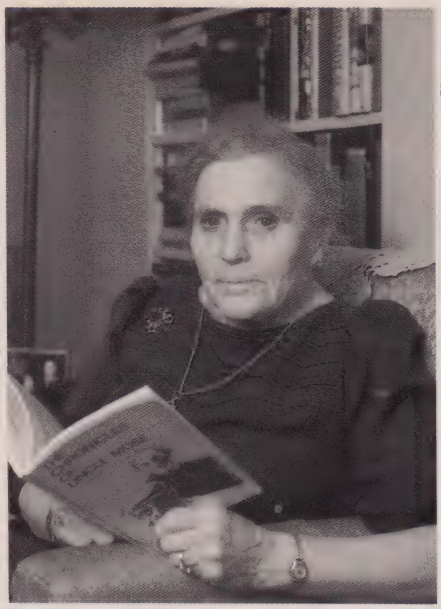
But while others may be tempted to verbally keelhaul Smallwood, she simply says, "My people didn't care very much for him." And she doesn't want to comment directly about him, although confrontations between the two spanned several decades.

Back in the years after the war, when Sparkes was "a young woman having babies," she and her family started hearing rumours via the mainland "that Confederation was a foregone conclusion." Her immediate concerns, which she carried through the years of debate, are still relevant today: the fate of the fisheries and the pride of Newfoundlanders.

At first she stayed on the outskirts of the ensuing fray, but she soon became disturbed at the "propaganda" that found its way to the eyes and ears of Newfoundlanders.

"When the National Convention was called I thought I would stand for election, but I talked to my husband about it and we decided against it. But when I sat in on the Convention debates the things I heard made me sick to death. It was the psychology of it — if people heard something shouted 20 times then they think it must be true. I thought we were being conned. I was happy to be a Newfoundlander and I had the privilege of a university education. I wanted to pass some of those benefits back," she says.

So she took up the cause and found herself speaking in all parts of the island — and crossing paths with all



RAY FENNELLY

Sparkes campaigned against Confederation

manner of future politicians.

"We emphasized the Canadian regulations towards the fisheries and we emphasized our self-worth as Newfoundlanders. We said, 'stop and think about it before you give yourselves away.' "

The town meetings weren't always pleasant and easy-going. "Outside of St. John's, people thought Confederation was the best thing to happen to Newfoundland. We had a meeting one night and as soon as we started speaking there was a loud disturbance outside. It was like people banging against the walls. It was a terrible noise and it got so loud we had to cancel the meeting. Another time, one of the prominent speakers for the League got thrown overboard, I believe."

This sort of front-line experience was repeated many times, she says. The pro-Confederate forces were telling people it was a choice between the baby bonus and the 1929 depression and anyone with any sense knew which side to stand on.

Along the way she stopped to listen to some speakers promoting a closer alliance with the United States and got her first introduction to a later famous politician — Don Jamieson, who gained prominence in the federal Liberal governments of the '60s and '70s.

"That was oratory if I'd ever heard it. It flowed as smoothly as water from a tap. But it lacked substance. It reminded me of Hamlet when he's asked to explain what he's said and he replies, 'Just words.' It was just words — not that Jamieson wasn't an intelligent speaker with a very quick mind. But I think he'd been hired to represent that position."

All the speeches and all the meetings and all the work may have provided some vocal opposition, but it didn't keep Newfoundland independent. Like the rest of the island, the League listened to the results over the radio and soon woke up in a new country.

It wasn't the end of politics for Sparkes, though. How could it be, when she says, "Life is politics"? Anti-Confederates flocked to the Conservative Party. "Who, knowing what Joey Smallwood had done, could have anything to do with the Liberal party?"

The PCs in Newfoundland generally came together over a shared antipathy towards Smallwood. Many high-profile Tories, including federal cabinet minister John Crosbie and Premier Peckford, were once card-carrying Liberals.

Neither was it the end of clashes between Sparkes and Smallwood. She remembers when she worked for the now-defunct *Daily News*, when her articles regularly elicited letters from then-Premier Smallwood demanding that she be dismissed. One came — "I think in 1957" — asking that the information that Sparkes "was a thrice-defeated Tory candidate" be used with her byline, so everyone would know how biased she was.

The *Daily News* editor sent a reply to Smallwood: "Sir, you underestimate this valuable employee. She was defeated four times, not three."

"I don't think we got another letter after that," Sparkes says.

She tells this story to illustrate one of Smallwood's most well-known traits, one that marked Newfoundland's political landscape for years. "He always did everything in his power to down anyone who took a stand against him. That was the worst thing about him."

Confederation is now the political reality; Sparkes won't entertain ideas of what Newfoundland would be like if it hadn't happened.

"I got involved because I thought if you knew something was evil and you didn't speak up, that would be evil too. Evil persists when people do nothing about it. Not that I think Confederation was evil. But we could have had a better beginning. It's not that Confederation has been all bad. Indirectly there have been economic benefits. What we lost has been something more nebulous. Newfoundlanders lost their souls." She quotes from a Wordsworth poem, " 'we've given our hearts away...it was a sordid boon.' Newfoundlanders didn't have a lot of money but we had character. Now, well, anyone who knows Wordsworth will know what I mean."

A poetic note to end this particular look at the 1949 referendum. Time to think of a neat way to wrap this up. Maybe another walk is in store, roaming the streets of saucy old anti-Confederate St. John's. The winter weather has just completely changed for the fourth time today. Fortunately it's decided on some glorious late afternoon warming light, sun rays crowning the pine clad hills of the new Newfoundland, almost the Promised Land. Almost.



On the road to Paddys Head

A once dilapidated fisherman's cottage has been sensitively restored to blend contemporary needs with old world charm

by Margot Brunelle

The Peggy's Cove Road is a dangerous one, not just for the sudden bends and bumps along the way, but the diversions on either side. Over each hill and around every turn there's a view more compelling than the last — of a choppy coastline and sparkling water or some ramshackle old cottage half-hidden behind trees. All too distracting to a nervous driver. Peter Thomas roamed up and down this road for several weeks one



PETER THOMAS

HOMES

spring, through fog and rain and potholes. He was searching for the perfect property. And one particularly bleak afternoon, he turned off at Indian Harbour, down a stretch of gravel towards Paddys Head. He hadn't gone far when he found it. And luckily it was for sale.

The house on the road to Paddys Head is not just another pretty house. The setting is superb — pastoral on one side and wild on the other — and takes quite a structure to do it justice. This house does so confidently, in spite of the fact that it once stood abandoned for nearly 25 years, waiting for just one more North Atlantic gale to blow it down.

"It was virtually a shell," remembers Bob Parker, the architect who owns the property next door. "The roof was at the point where you could see through to the sky in quite a few places...I think if it had not been captured within a year or two, it would have been a write-off."

In fact, it was the house that "captured" the architect. A man of principles with a long involvement in heritage conservation, Parker was not prepared to let this piece of history go to ruin. His company, Robert Parker Associates, bought the house in Indian Harbour to prove a point — that a dilapidated old fisherman's cottage could be sensitively restored and renovated and back on the real estate market as a viable economic project.

For his effort, Parker won both a Nova Scotia Home Awards competition and a Governor General's Award for residential design.

The architect admits it took "a lot of arm-twisting" to convince his banker to support his objectives but he went about things methodically. "The costs were all



ERIC HAYES

very carefully documented," he explains. "We did not set out to make a profit — we set out to break even."

Fortunately the weather was on his side. For three months under miraculously sunny skies, Parker and his wife Pattie Snow (who is part-owner in the company) went at their work with a vengeance. "We didn't have time for second thoughts," he laughs. "We took a fast-track approach to come in and gut out completely and make the major structural changes and then additional changes...This was all developed and talked out very, very carefully with the contractor. We spoke the same language."

Parker hired Rennie Smith, a general contractor with Eastern Structural Enterprises, who specializes in carpentry and cabinet work. They'd worked together on many other renovation projects. Smith supervised the teamwork but Parker retained control over all the subcontracting because he knew what he wanted and how to get it done fast. Pattie worked as a "floater" — cleaning up everyday so the carpenters could get on with their work, picking up a paint brush whenever necessary and managing the books.



There were some major expenditures. A kitchen had to be built from scratch; there was no plumbing or electricity anywhere in the house. Floors had to be levelled, a roof replaced, insulation blown into the walls, then Gyproc added, and a new septic tank and disposal field installed.

There were some unforeseen costs too. Some structural damage in the parlour proved more serious than expected and a few floor joists needed



ERIC HAYES

replacing. A well also had to be drilled. But generally the project came in within budget — a fairly tight budget, too.

"In 1984, $41.36 per square foot (for materials and labour) compared favourably with most renovation projects, which average $55 to $60 per square foot," Parker says. He is proud of the house and so are Peter and Margaret Thomas.

When Peter Thomas couriered photos to his wife in Toronto, who was anxiously awaiting an address to give the movers, he presented a place that was immaculately renovated but managed to retain the old world charm of a rural Victorian home. He had no trouble convincing her they should live there.

The house was built around 1885 in a classic style for that time — four rooms up and down, a staircase through the centre, too many doors and not enough cupboards. The Gothic gable with a friezeboard of carved roses was not added until about 1910 — a gesture to "keep up with the Joneses," Parker suspects. At the same time, the front door was redesigned slightly to do away with two sidelights and replace them with a transom light above.

Parker's main priority was to restore the "public side of the house" (the front) as nearly as possible to its original condition, while opening up the back of the home to accommodate contemporary needs and styles.

Instead of tearing off the shingle siding, an expensive job, he left it on for added warmth and covered it with narrow pine clapboard. To keep costs in line, he replaced the wooden shingle roof with asphalt tiles but, otherwise, the front of the house remains as it was in pitch and proportion 90 years ago. And perhaps of greatest importance, Parker decided to put storm windows on the interior of the dwelling rather than exterior, which he says would have "diminished the shadow lines from the old double hung sashes."

Architect Bob Parker restored the front of the 100-year-old house to its original state (top left); inside (bottom left), floors were stripped where possible to create a living space (above) that's warm yet clean, bright and efficient



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ERIC HAYES

The kitchen addition, with windows on three sides, is a cheery place to work or relax

HOMES

The trim colours — two-tone blue — were typical of the Victorian era and, along with the distinctive Gothic gable, white clapboard and a new picket fence, lend a feeling of refinement to the rural home.

Visitors ponder the front door carefully — original etched glass — but enter by the side or back door as folks would have done in the old days. "The front door would have been used only for ceremonial occasions," Parker explains, "as when the pastor came for a christening, or a wedding or a funeral." But the architect has made today's guests feel nearly as special by creating a back door along the same lines as the front with a motif designed by a Halifax artist, sandblasted into the glass.

Inside, the house is a mass of pleasurable contradictions. It is simple, even elegant, but cosy and inviting. The view offers peace and tranquility through the front windows and wild inspiration through the back. It's clean, bright and efficient but warm with natural wood carpentry and wide pine or spruce floorboards throughout.

Parker has made two additions to the original home. As far as he could tell, the kitchen had occupied several different sites in the past but, when he took over, there was no kitchen at all. He created one off to the side and behind the house, where it cannot be seen from the road but offers shelter to the sweeping deck at the back. There are windows on three sides, offering lots of light even on the foggiest days. It is just big enough to be efficient but comfortable with an old drop-leaf table and a pine rocker beside the window.

After the Thomases moved in, they asked Parker to design a new master bedroom on the main floor. He used the ell (once the summer kitchen, it now serves as a cosy family room) to link up with the main house and built beyond...a massive 832 square foot room with a cathedral ceiling and exposed beams, a walk-in closet and bathroom en suite.

Parker says he chose his windows carefully. He despairs of renovation jobs that take liberties with sliding doors and used only one of them. Around the rest of the house, he and Rennie Smith painstakingly removed each and every sash from the original windows, had them rebuilt, reputtied and reglazed.

In the new master bedroom, two side windows were custom-made to match the originals. A big bay window faces south, over the garden and out to sea. Upstairs, two Swedish skylights were installed low enough in the ceiling to provide a complete picture of the landscape, rather than just the sky. They flip open wide, so that the view and the sea breezes and the sounds of the countryside seem to rush into the room.

The property rolls away from the house, over and around some huge boulders. Parker constructed a rambling stone wall along the side. When everything else was done, Pattie went around pruning the old lilacs and rosebushes, carefully, to preserve the wild character of the landscape. The picture is perfectly framed by enormous old firs, an ancient apple tree, mountain ash and birch.

The Parkers put more than sweat and inspiration into this idyllic property — and they lost more than materials and labour. Unfortunately the house sat on a slow real estate market for several months before Peter Thomas discovered it. There are never any guarantees against that.

But otherwise things worked out exactly as Bob Parker wanted. The house at Indian Harbour proves that sensitive restoration can be feasible and the results, beautiful. It also proves that our dangerous Maritime roads are well worth exploring — slowly.

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Maritime mailboxes, a country tradition

Brightly painted mailboxes, some picturesque, others humorous, offer a taste of present-day Maritime folk art to passersby



by Sara Fraser

Mailboxes have played a special role in the lives of Prince Edward Islanders since the first rural courier service to Island homes began in 1828. For most, they're still a vital means of communication. And for some, they are also works of art.

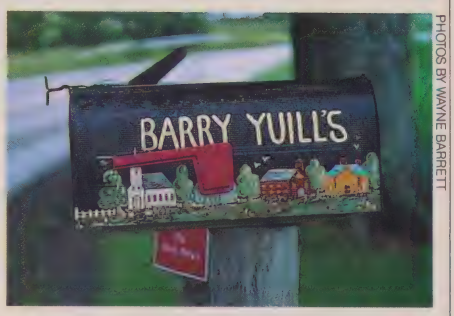
Homeowners around the Maritime countryside have proven their ingenuity when it comes to inventing and constructing new kinds of mailboxes. In winter snowplows run rampant along rural routes, knocking mailboxes from their posts, so hardy models, such as ordinary barn buckets or cut-off bleach bottles, are used. But when the snowbanks subside in the spring, some spectacular and unusual boxes reappear along roadsides. These, say their owners, are for the enjoyment of neighbours and passersby.

One of those passersby was photographer Wayne Barrett, who started taking photographs of unusual mailboxes in P.E.I. and Nova Scotia about 10 years ago. "I realized they were a sort of present-day folk art," he says. "They had the individuality of the people in them...and once you've noticed one of them, you're hooked." Barrett says he soon began actively searching for mailboxes with unique designs as he drove through the Maritimes on other photo shoots. He now has pictures of more than 100 mailboxes. "I wanted to record them as soon as possible. They could be here today and gone tomorrow."

That's why Nancy and Kenneth Heaney from Clinton, P.E.I. take their special mailbox inside for the winter. Their pastoral scene of cows grazing on lush Island fields was painted two years ago by neighbour Marion Woodside. "I've always wanted one," says Nancy. "When we finally needed a new one, I went to Mrs. Woodside." The cows in the painting are the Heaneys' own black-and-white dairy Holsteins and the water in the background is nearby Cavendish's north shore.

Besides the Heaneys', Marion Woodside has painted most of the mailboxes along the Clinton route, including her own. The scenes are all Island locations, immortalized in Woodside's bright acrylic colours. "People bring me photographs of their property that they want painted or I'll go out and sketch their farm," she says. The 65-year-old farm woman has painted more than a dozen mailboxes, plus "about 100" old-fashioned milk cans. At $50 a mailbox or $95 a milk can, Mrs. Woodside's homespun artistry is a buy. She takes a week to paint one and admits "there's a lot of work in them."





PHOTOS BY WAYNE BARRETT

The Clinton roadside is already bright with Woodside's creations and local demand is growing. Nancy Heaney agrees that they're popular. And she should know — she delivers the mail daily along Clinton's rural route. Heaney says people there take pride in their community and having an attractive mailbox is part of that pride.

Nancy's neighbours Blanche and Eric Heaney say their reasons for getting a scenic mailbox were strictly practical. "We needed one, so I took one down to Mrs. Woodside and got her to make something up out of her imagination," says Blanche Heaney. Theirs, a scene of a winding Island road flanked by wild lupins, was one of the first in the area. "We think it's the nicest but we're prejudiced."

Two professional photographers from New York City agree. Last summer they stopped at the Heaneys' to take pictures of the mailbox and talk to the owners.

Other painted mailboxes have already been celebrated in film and print. Last summer, Truro's *Daily News* sponsored a contest for the best scenic mailbox. Several in and around Old Barns near Truro, N.S. were featured.

One of those was the mailbox of Harry and Laura Farr. "It used to be you just put your name on them," says Laura. "But now a lot of people around here are into tole painting. One started on mailboxes and others followed." The Farr's mailbox was a twin effort — Harry

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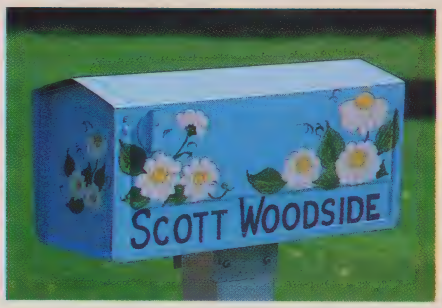
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made the box and Laura painted it, freehand, with a wagon wheel leaning on a fence in a field of daisies. "You want something bright, so people going by will notice," Laura says. "It's just a crazy scene out of my head."

The Farrs say original mailboxes are part of the spirit of Old Barns. There are almost a dozen original "artworks" along this stretch of highway on Cobequid Bay. Three of them are by the same artist, June



Yuill, who last year painted mailboxes for the birthdays of her three sons. Barry Yuill says he doesn't a pay a lot of attention to his own, a community scene depicting a tiny church and houses, complete with minute animals and people. But, he says, other people notice the tiny community scene — passersby stop regularly to take a picture.

One of the most unusual constructions is that of a country church. It has tiny doors that actually open, a little steeple, stained glass windows and a roof made with real shingles. A plastic Colonel Sanders from Kentucky Fried Chicken is mounted beside the church. Adding an even more bizarre dimension is a Snoopy doll sitting on his doghouse beside it.

Other popular themes are country barns and tractors. "Chris and Pat's" neat little red barn has its own rooster weathervane mounted on a tiny vent. A red tractor looks as if it's ready to drive up the lane with the day's mail.

Humorous, picturesque, reverent — the variations on mailbox designs are endless. Next time you're driving down a country road, keep your eyes peeled for a taste of Maritime art. It just might be at the end of the lane.



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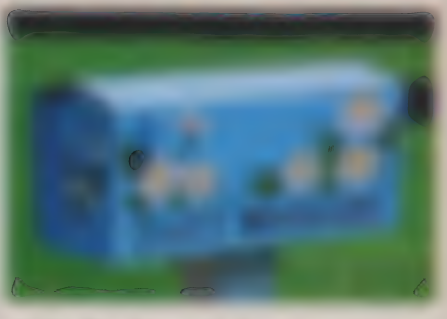
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The Old Stone House overlooking Poplar Grove

A 200-year-old house of fieldstone and timber has been given new life as a cozy Nova Scotia retreat

by Alice LeDuc

The Old Stone House sits high on a hill overlooking the woods and meadows of Poplar Grove, N.S. and the nearby St. Croix River. For more than 200 years fire, weather, time and neglect took their toll on the sturdy stone walls and timbers. But now under the care of owner Sherman Hines, it has been restored to a picturesque, country retreat for the renowned photographer and his family.

The house that Hines purchased in 1980 had a colourful, if not entirely happy, past. Historians disagree about exactly when it was built. Some trace its origins to the year 1761 and an English settler named John Chambers. Others claim it was built by Acadians as they cleared their land of fieldstones for farming in the early 1700s. Hines believes the Acadians built it. "History and research indicate that French settlers built the house as a religious centre for the community," he says.

The catacomb-like chambers in the cellar of the Old Stone House lend credence to Hines' words. With their stone archways and vaulted ceilings, it's not hard to imagine 18th-century priests at work or in prayer as their candlesmoke rose up through the vents overhead.

Although details are sketchy, the house was gutted by fire shortly after it was built, when some drying flax was accidentally ignited. The second storey — then constructed of brick — fell to ruin and was later replaced with timber.

A variety of owners, many of them farmers, have warmed their feet in front of the Old Stone House's hearth over the years — probably the most distinguished occupant was the 19th century judge and author Thomas C. Haliburton, the creator of Sam Slick. But by the time Hines spied it in 1980, it was abandoned and had been falling to ruins for the past 20 years, its interior gutted by a previous owner.

"Some people would have turned and left the house as it was," he says. "But being a photographer, I could visualize the house finished — I knew what I had to do."



PHOTOS COURTESY SHERMAN HINES PHOTOGRAPHY

The Old Stone House, once Thomas C. Haliburton's home, overlooks 12 acres of land

At that time the property had been sold for taxes, so it took time to close the deal. What Hines eventually purchased was a major restoration project that was loaded with potential. The windows and doors were arched with keystone pediments. The walls of the cellar and first storey were solidly built of fieldstone, ranging in thickness from 18 inches to five feet, which had been firmly cemented together with a mixture of gypsum and lime. Nevertheless, the stonework in the cellar had begun to cave in and it was there that work began.

Hines based his restoration on pictures and estate inventories of similar buildings. He was meticulous, using material from five other period homes to ensure the work was authentic. The fireplace and dining room corner cupboard came from a house in Lunenburg and the floor boards, beams and wainscoting beneath the windows from a house in Liverpool.

Hines furnished his country home with antiques he had amassed through 18 years of attending auctions and estate sales. In the keeping room, two slat-back rockers with woven seats rest invitingly in front of the hearth. Adding to the room's charm is a collection of 18th-century hearthware and a beehive oven which Hines family members sometimes use when entertaining guests.

A Tiffany lantern hangs from overhead beams in the dining room, lighting the handhewn table and simple chairs which face a more formal fireplace. Planked floors, deeply-set windows and well-placed antiques complete the room. In the adjoining kitchen, a working cast iron stove and colourful rugs add character to the efficient cooking area.

Across from the kitchen is a den brimming with artifacts and memorabilia, including a 1777 map by J.F.W. DesBarres,


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the first person to chart the Atlantic coastline. The map depicts Nova Scotia's Liverpool Bay and Harbour — Hines was born in Liverpool.

Upstairs are four bedrooms which offer a magnificent view of the surrounding landscape from their paned dormer windows. Most impressive is the master suite where the ceiling has been opened to reveal the wooden rafters above. A kingsize brass bed faces a fireplace. The bathroom is also inviting with its stained glass ceiling and side panel and its double whirlpool bathtub.

Outside, the Old Stone House needed only minor repairs. Fieldstones replaced brick patches, covering the scars of time.

Although Hines turned the house into a bed and breakfast for a brief period in 1986, he decided to keep it as a Nova Scotian retreat for his family, which is now based in Toronto.

The next year, he decided to extend the house by dismantling an old barn from nearby Cheverie and re-erecting it beam by beam. The addition, which serves as a den, is joined to the house by a room accessed through the cellar. The double doors opening into the den are 125 years old and are fashioned from glass framed in lead. They are complemented by two



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The corner cupboard came from Lunenburg

stained glass windows across the room.

Hines has personalized the den by combining a variety of disparate elements. Cameras from days gone by are positioned tastefully. A 6,500-year-old mastodon tusk lies on the large desk which stakes its claim in one corner of the den. A large projector screen, hidden behind the panelling above the fireplace, allows Hines to relax and review his photographs.

The discreetly placed screen is one example of how Hines has managed to



Slat-backed rocking chairs rest invitingly

create a comfortable home with modern amenities that do not distract from the character of the historic house. Although Tiffany lamps throughout the house provide efficient lighting, candles and oil lamps in most rooms and hallways help recall days when the house was home to early settlers.

Today the Old Stone House sits tranquilly on the hill in Poplar Grove. Its 250 acres of woodland, meadows and cultivated fields have been reduced to 12 but land is all that's been lost. Weathered woodwork, stone walls and hearths, colourful rugs and simple antiques offer the Hines family a cozy retreat that has been restored to withstand the test of time.

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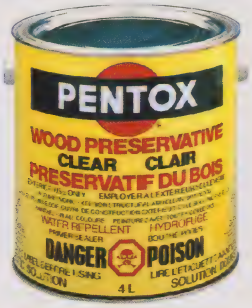
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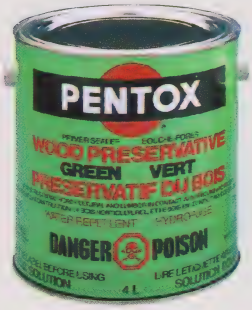
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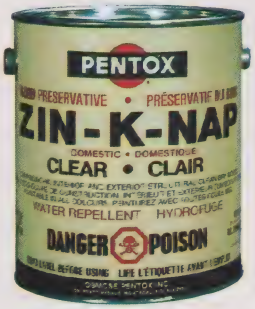
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A clear wood preservative for both interior and exterior wood.



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Product Selection Table

Pentox Satin	Pentox Clear	Pentox Gelled	Pentox Semi-Transparent	Osmose Fence Post Mixture	Osmose End Cut	Pentox Cop-R-Nap®	Pentox Cop-R-Nap®	Pentox Penta Clear	Pentox Creosote	Pentox Creosote 5%	
	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	Wood preservation is primary requirement
•											Wood finishing is primary requirement
•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	Exterior
•		•				•	•				Interior
	•	•	•								Primer/Sealer
•	•	•	•		•	•	•		•	•	Moisture repellent
A	•	•	•	Black	Tan & Moss	Clear	Green	•	Brown	Brown	Colour
•											Colourfast[B]
•											Contains Solarguard®
											Recommended number of coats:
1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	Thickness less than 1″
1	2	2	2	1	2	2	2	2	2	2	Thickness between 1 and 2″
1	3	3	3	1	3	4	4	3	3	3	Thickness greater than 2″
1	1	1	1	1	1	2	2	1	1	1	Plywood, chipboard[C]
0	0	1	0	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	Canvas, rope
G	5-8	5-8	4-6	10-12	5-8	3-5	4-6	4-6	3-5	2-4	Expected serviceability[D]
2	1	2-3	1	N/A	2-3	1	2-3	1+	1+	1+	Hours before handling treated wood (minimum)
N/A	E	24	N/A	N/A	24	24	24	72	N/A	N/A	Hours before staining treated wood[F] (minimum)

Comments

A) *Pentox* Wood Stain is available in 12 colours. You can intermix them to achieve a different colour. The colour of your stained wood will depend on the colour and texture of the wood you use and the kind of light it is in.

B) Although the green and brown colours of preservatives will weather, your wood will still be preserved.

C) The glues in these kinds of wood limit the amount of preservative which can go in.

D) "5-8", for example, means that your treated wood should last 5 to 8 times as long as it would if you did not treat it.

E) Latex stain / paint – wait at least 12 hours; petroleum based stain / paint / varnish – wait until surface is dry (depends on humidity, temperature, and ventilation).

F) The colour of *Pentox* Green, *Osmose* End Cut, *Pentox* Brown, or *Pentox* Cop-R-Nap® may bleed, initially, through paints and stains.

G) Five years.



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Use it where an economical wood preservative treatment and brown colouring is desired.



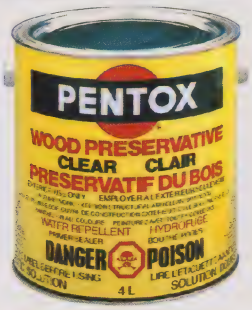
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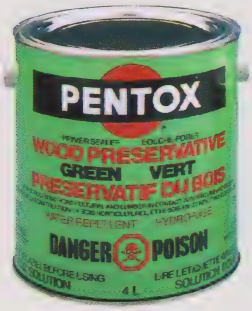
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This brochure and the information on *Osmose-Pentox* labels tell you how you can keep your wood sound and looking good.



Treat your wood with *Pentox* Wood Stain for a durable, natural wood look.

Preserve Your Wood Before You Stain it

The best way to protect your wood from rot and insects is to treat it with an *Osmose-Pentox* wood preservative. Then apply a transparent *Pentox* stain to protect it from weathering, to control its colour, and to enhance its grain.

Remember, staining is not the same as wood preserving. Although *Pentox* Wood Stain has remarkable wood protective properties, you do not generally apply enough of it to replace the value of first treating your wood with a suitable *Osmose-Pentox* preservative.

Normally you want to apply just the amount of stain that will give your wood the right colour. Furthermore, you finish only those sides of the wood which will be visible in the finished structure (or, when renovating, those surfaces which are accessible).

To thoroughly preserve your wood you need to treat the entire surface of each piece with preservative. Put multiple coats on thicker pieces (refer to the Product Selection Table). Holes, cuts, and joints need extra preservative. Your goal is to make an in-depth treatment.

Do not compromise on the protection you give to your wood. Always preserve it. Your wood and your enjoyment of it will last a long time.



Preserve your wood first.



Pentox Green is the best preservative for wood in contact with water.

Moisture Repellency and Priming/Sealing

Limiting moisture in your wood is one of the main ways to control its appearance. *Osmose-Pentox* products let you do just that by being moisture-repellent.

Three of them, *Pentox* Clear, *Pentox* Green, and *Pentox* Brown, do even more than repell moisture from your wood. They have priming / sealing properties which control the movement of moisture within your wood. Slowing down the movement of moisture inside your wood lets you reduce its tendency to warp and check. This extends your wood's life, as well as the durability of any finish that you may apply. Furthermore, the priming / sealing characteristic of these three *Pentox* preservatives increases the coverage of your finishing coat, making the complete treatment of your wood more economical.



Protect your wood with the complete *Osmose-Pentox* treatment.

How to Protect Pressure-Treated Wood

Just as it is better that you treat your wood after it has been cut to its final size, so it is preferable that pressure-treated wood be used without further cutting. (You want to avoid exposing untreated areas below the surface.) To ensure that rot does not start, treat all cuts, holes, checks, and cracks in pressure-treated wood with *Osmose* End Cut.

In addition to preserving untreated areas in your pressure-treated wood with *Osmose* End Cut, you may also want to control how this wood looks. The faded and grey colouration linked with weathered pressure-treated wood need not happen to you. Use *Pentox* Wood Stain to stop such drabness. And use it to make your pressure-treated wood moisture repellent.

Wood in Contact With the Ground

Where your wood comes in contact with earth, rock, concrete, or masonry, (the groundline), rot is most likely to strike. The severe conditions at the groundline of your wood require the strongest protection – *Osmose* Fence Post Mixture. This is the domestic version of the black paste you may have seen being applied to the groundline of pressure-treated utility poles. Use *Osmose* Fence Post Mixture to keep your wood rot-free wherever it comes in contact with the ground.



Preserve your pressure-treated wood with *Osmose* End Cut.



Stop wood rot at the groundline of your posts with *Osmose* Fence Post Mixture.

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Trials and triumphs of home renovations

Whether you renovate yourself or bring in professionals, know what you're doing and beware of demolition depression

by Carol Hurst

For John MacKay, modernizing the kitchen meant living in what seemed like the aftermath of a tornado. Ripped out walls, missing cupboards and a never-ending film of dust were only some of the signs of the work being done. "On many nights, we'd eat out to escape the chaos," says the Saint John, N.B. resident. "The workers are in your home doing their job after you've come home from yours and want to relax. It's hard getting used to it."

Home renovations and chaos go hand in hand. Whether you do it yourself, hire a carpenter or even a general contractor, the noise, inconvenience and other pains of renovation are inescapable.

One advantage of doing renovations yourself is that you retain control over the project. You can stop and start work when you want, clean up your mess each day and not worry about electricians and plumbers getting underfoot. As well, it's possible to execute a plan as you envision it — with fewer middlemen along the way, there's less chance that the work won't meet your expectations because of crossed signals among designers and builders.

It's cheaper too. Surveys have shown that do-it-yourself renovation projects can result in double the recovery costs when you go to sell your home. Real estate appraiser Cliff Lawrence found this out first hand when he spent $2,000 and labour to fix up his house. The resale value of the home rose by $10,000 — a five-fold increase.

Lawrence is quick to caution novice carpenters about doing their own renovations. He says sloppy workmanship can actually hurt the resale of a home.

Greg Horigan of Appraisals Fundy Ltd. agrees. He says he has seen plenty of houses "botched up" by inexperienced homeowners who lacked the appropriate skills and machinery for the work they undertook. Rough trimwork, wavy plaster and 45 degree angles that don't measure up are problem spots that he comes across again and again.



MARTIN FLEWWELLING

The Corcorans used glass walls to create a bigger kitchen that doubles as a sunroom

Horigan says it's better to leave renovations undone than to take on more than you can handle although some tasks, such as painting, always pay off at resale time and are easy enough for anyone to tackle. "But if you really make a mess of something, you'll have to get it redone," he says, "and then you won't be any further ahead."

Glen Armstrong, owner of Armstrong Installers Ltd., advises homeowners to have an experienced carpenter check the structure of the house before they start banging out walls or other major changes. "That wall could be holding up the ceiling," he says. He also reminds people to comply with local building codes and bylaws, many of which exist for safety reasons.

Because many homeowners don't have the know-how to take on renovation projects, they hire professionals for at least some of the work. MacKay, for one, admits that he's "all thumbs."

Paul and Lorraine Corcoran of Saint John, N.B. faced the same dilemma when they decided to renovate their four bedroom bungalow. Because they lacked the skills to tackle the necessary work, they hired professionals. Paul says, however, that it was tough living with the noise and dust that goes along with construction.

"The men try their best not to get in your way," says Paul. "But there's a lot of inconvenience by the time things are finally done. It was worse for us because we did it during the winter."

In the end, the Corcorans couldn't be happier with their home, partially because of ideas the contractor put forward before work was started. The family's priority was a bigger kitchen. They wanted a sunroom too, but didn't think they could get both unless they built an

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HOMES

extension on the back of the house. Their contractor suggested using glass walls for the kitchen, an easy solution to their problem. Because it's on the south side of the house, the kitchen is exposed to plenty of sun and has reduced the family's heating bills.

He also devised a way for Paul, a florist, to enjoy his first love. He put up posts, ideally suited for hanging plants and flowers, along the patio. "I would have never thought of this myself," Paul says. "But contractors have all sorts of ideas. It's how they make their living."

While the changes have certainly boosted the value of the Corcorans' house and have made them enjoy their home more, Paul says the money they spent hasn't paid off completely. Experts caution that renovations may sometimes improve the saleability of your home but not its market value.

For homeowners like the MacKays and Corcorans who decide to hire a professional, the first problem is to find a good one. The yellow pages in most areas list dozens of carpenters and craftspeople. One obvious starting point is to check with friends or relatives who have had work done. The Better Business Bureaus or your local Chamber of Commerce may be able to refer you, as can a trade association that lists contractors.

Fred Savoy, president of New Brunswick's J.F. Renovations and Design Limited, also suggests judging the firm's work for yourself by looking at some of its other projects. He says a reputable company will gladly pass on references.

Many will also do preliminary estimates free of charge. These should include the cost of materials and labour. Savoy recommends that homeowners have a definite idea of what they want done before contacting a contractor. Hiring a draftsperson to draw a first sketch will ensure that your estimate is accurate.

"Clients should be honest about their tastes," says Savoy. "Some are traditional, others flamboyant. The contractor won't know this unless you tell him." Although changes to the original plan can often be made after construction has begun, Savoy says these may affect the final cost.

Once you have reached the contract stage, be sure it clearly outlines the work to be done, the cost and the completion date. Clarify whether subcontractors are included so that additional bills don't come as a surprise after the work is completed. Some contractors will allow you to assist with small jobs like painting or clean up.

Whether you're cleaning up, doing the work yourself or just living with the chaos, Savoy says one thing about renovating is for sure. You'll experience "demolition depression." But hang in there — the results will be worth it in the end.

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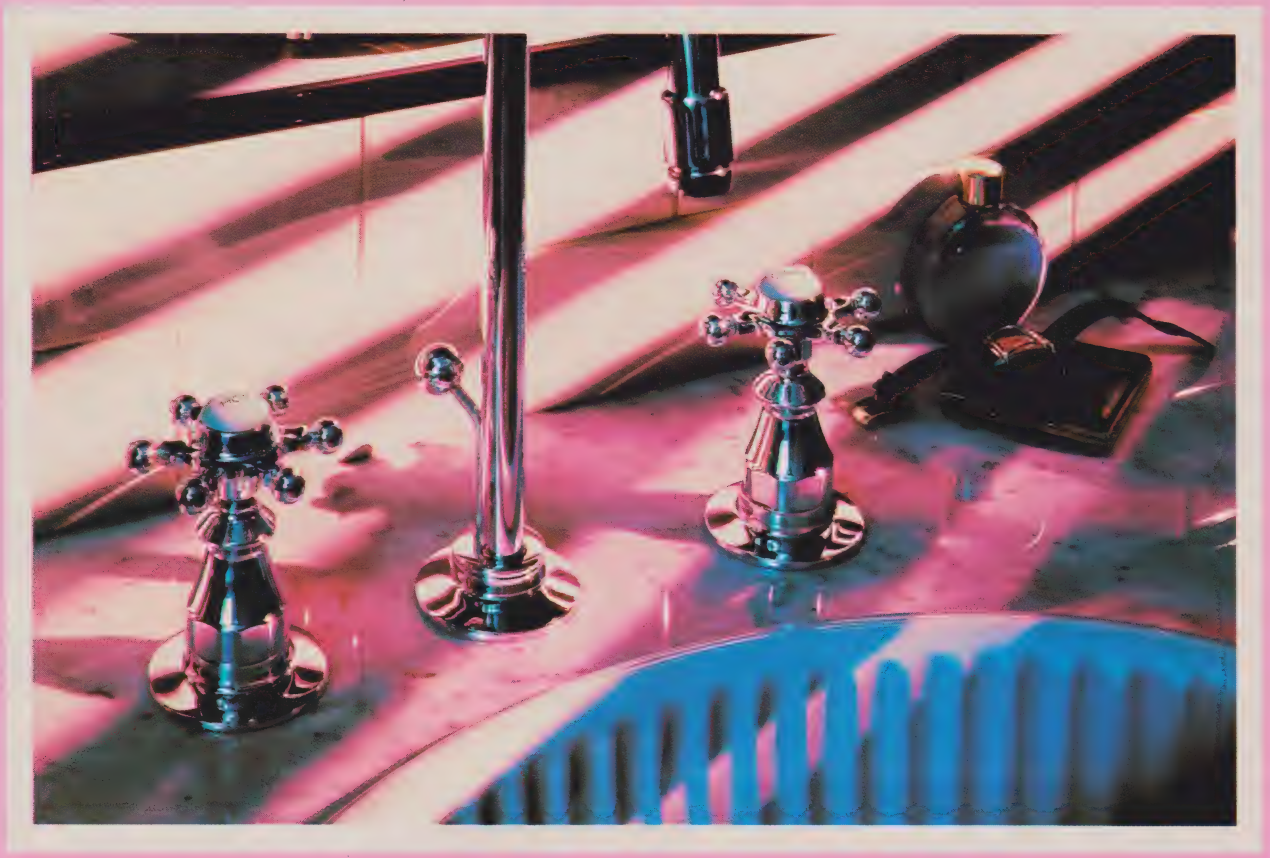
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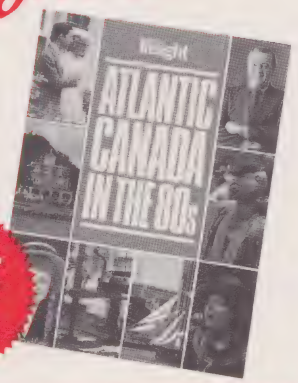
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The classic Cape Cod — at home in the Maritimes

Tradition and aesthetic appeal have ensured the Cape Cod a lasting place in the architecture of the Maritimes



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The classic Cape Cod — at home in the Maritimes

Tradition and aesthetic appeal have ensured the Cape Cod a lasting place in the architecture of the Maritimes

by Tim Carlson

The Cape Cod home may have its origins in 17th century Massachusetts but it's come to be known as the vernacular style of the Maritimes. Built low to the ground with a steeply pitched roof anchored by a large central chimney, the house first emerged as a snug, practical shelter against the coastal winds and rain of the Cape. With its economical design and convenient floor plan, the house also perfectly suited coastal settlers around the Maritimes.

Today the Cape Cod is more admired for its aesthetic appeal than its practicality. The style is, quite simply, quaint — it's without the ostentation of the Victorian period but has more character than the average split-level or bungalow.

"The Cape Cod is cute," says Andy Willies of Willies Realty in Halifax. "It has a great feeling of subjective well-being." And, to use some real estate jargon, "It has great curb appeal."

Willies says the Cape Cod actually has few practical advantages. "You lose space upstairs and there's a lack of large rooms." But function is only half of comfort and the Cape Cod sells just by looking and feeling homey, he says. And the sky's the limit for builders wanting to add on to or alter the basic structure.

The traditional Cape Cod is a one-and-a-half storey structure with a 45 degree pitched roof that comes down nearly to the level of the front door and windows. Narrow clapboard siding, a cedar-shake roof and small-paned windows are common features. The floor plan was originally developed around a large central chimney with two or three fireplaces that opened into the main rooms. The main floor included a parlour for formal entertaining, a large kitchen or keeping room where the family spent most its time, a buttery, a borning room in which babies were born and sick people rested and kept warm, and perhaps a bedroom. The space in the top half-storey was also used for bedrooms.

Following this strict definition of the Cape Cod, the style is now relatively rare. But there are still good examples in the Maritime region, particularly on Nova Scotia's South Shore. Robert Power, a Fredericton architect who specializes in restoration work, says the style started appearing in New Brunswick about 1820. He points to the Doak House, built in 1825 by Robert Doak, as an example. The house, one of the few to survive the Great Fire on the Miramichi, is now part of a historic park run by the province.



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The homey Cape Cod's style has been altered over the years for practical reasons

"We use the term Cape Cod fairly loosely," says Elizabeth Pacey, author of the book *Georgian Halifax*. Because architecture in the Maritimes was influenced more by British than American styles, she says Cape Cods in this region often adopted features from the traditional English cottage and "Georgian" detail.

Halifax's Hope Cottage, built around 1800 and now a soup kitchen, is typical of the Cape Cod style with Georgian features, namely dormers on the upper level. Other variations to the Brunswick Street house include brick exterior walls and a chimney at one side instead of in the centre.

One classic example on Nova Scotia's South Shore is the William Murphy House in North West Cove, built in 1846. Pacey calls it a pure Cape Cod because it has no details distracting from its design. The Murphy home is referred to as a three-quarter Cape because it has two windows on one side of the door but just one on the other. The tiny Cape Cod with only two front windows — once popular with spinsters and newly married couples — is commonly known as the half house and one with two windows on either side of a central door is referred to as a full Cape.

Today most home builders and buyers prefer the full Cape, altering its traditional structure to suit modern demands. Dormers are almost always used to



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HOMES



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The Doak House, from 1825, has one dormer

expand the upstairs rooms (Pacey objects to the fact that they are usually out of proportion with the rest of the house) and everything from garages and sunrooms to second half houses are added on.

In the past 15 years the Cape Cod has particularly made a comeback in this area, says Willies. "Country settings suit the Cape Cod best," he says, but the quaint houses can also be found in city subdivisions. Designs and price ranges vary widely. A modest, new three-bedroom home may range in price from $75,000 to $250,000, depending on location. Older, six-dormer homes with five bedrooms have sold for as much as $600,000, he says.

Seventy per cent of the Cape Cods (under $100,000) that Willies sells go to first-time homeowners and most of the rest to older clients. He says the Cape Cod is generally more suited to people growing out of parenthood than those growing into it.

John Tolson, sales manager for Interhabs Ltd. in Halifax, says his company's six prefab Cape Cod designs are always good sellers because "they are attractive looking from the outside and functional inside." Because the house is only a storey and a half, its square footage cost is less than other designs, he says. "It's also a design that pleases the eye."

Heritage Cedar Homes in Dartmouth offers Cape Cod packages which represent up to 20 per cent of its business in a good year. Heritage's most popular precut Cape Cod is a three-bedroom (1,500 to 2,500 sq. ft) with a garage. Like Interhabs, most of the packages range in price from $30,000 to $40,000.

Although the house presents some space problems, dormers on both the front and back make a difference, says Harold Watts, who sells Heritage Cedar Homes throughout the Maritimes and New England. He sees the Cape Cod as the triumph of "tradition" over economics.

Despite dormers and other adaptations over the past three centuries, realtors and home sellers agree on one thing. The Cape Cod, in one form or another, will continue to have a place in Maritime architecture.

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HOMES

Non-profit housing that works

The St. John's housing program shows that it's possible to provide award-winning housing to low income groups

by Lana Hickey

Affordable, quality housing has long been a problem across Canada. In today's society, with the population growing older and single parent families on the rise, the problem is even more widespread. Municipal leaders are currently looking at the availability of suitable housing for our changing society. The Housing Task Force of the Canadian Federation of Municipalities (CFM) has spearheaded a project to find ways to improve municipal housing regulations and make them uniform nationally. When its consultants reach St. John's, Nfld., they will discover that great strides have already been made in this easterly city.

St. John's has established a non-profit housing program to provide affordable, quality housing to low income groups. Its 367 units house singles, low income families, single parent families, elderly and handicapped people. These developments are architecturally pleasing — one has been awarded a national design award — and are serving as an example to private and public sector developers.

The changes began in St. John's when the City was approached by the Canadian Mortgage and Housing Commission (CMHC) to participate in a non-profit housing program in 1980. At that time the City's role was not clear, says St. John's deputy mayor Shannie Duff, who is chairing the national Housing Task Force. "It was a real struggle to get Council to agree that the City's role was to get involved in providing housing. They always looked upon themselves as a regulatory body."

Several factors helped change this view, she says. "We really did have a serious problem in our downtown core which couldn't be addressed by the private sector because what we were dealing with was not economic."

In 1980, the rehabilitation and renovation of run-down houses in the downtown area was not an accepted practice. Duff explains that the 40 or so abandoned houses could have been purchased cheaply and renovated. However, because people were moving out of the downtown core and property values were low, developers didn't see it as an economic proposition.

It was an opportunity for St. John's to become a leader, she says. But before the municipality could get involved in the non-profit program, development regula-



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"Crayola Corner" is an award winner

tions had to be modified to include new use. "Conditional Use Infill" was created to allow for higher density on smaller sites (more units per site) and relaxed side and rear yard requirements. The uses would be granted on a case-by-case basis and only after developers advertised their intention to create an infill site so that neighbourhood input could be sought.

Other forces were at work to complement the City's new program. The Heritage Conservation By-Law was ensuring proper development under its 1975 heritage guidelines. Federal programs, such as the Neighbourhood Improvement Program (NIP) and the Residential Rehabilitation Program (RRAP), were providing sidewalks and open spaces as well as financial assistance to encourage owners to rehabilitate older homes. As well, the now defunct St. John's Heritage Foundation was renovating run-down properties to sell for cost.

Even though the need for low income housing was obvious and the abandoned property situation had to be addressed, concerns were still raised about the program. "There was a lot of public resistance to any kind of subsidized housing," says Duff, "and we were rapidly getting to the point where no matter where you wanted to put it, people said 'not in my backyard.' "

The public perceived existing subsidized housing developments as densely populated, poorly designed and improperly maintained. But, says Duff, "the City was determined to show that by using the same multi-unit price (as other subsidized housing developments), we could design good, attractive, family housing for low income groups. The City, as a hands-on developer, could guarantee the property would be well maintained and we would have very strict regulations covering our tenants."

St. John's undertook its first project on Quidi Vidi Lake. The 27-unit complex, made up of attached units with three or four bedrooms, was designed by architect Philip Pratt and won him and the City a Canadian Housing Design Council Award for excellence and innovation in design standards. Each unit has a yard and open view to the lake and is brightly painted in traditional Newfoundland style, hence the nickname "Crayola Corner."

That same year a group of experimental new construction infill units were built on problem downtown sites, each uniquely designed to blend in with the adjacent row houses. These units, says Duff, best exemplify the City's attempt to mix low income groups in established neighbourhoods. They also provided an incentive to private developers to get in on the act because all of the City's units had waiting lists.

Among other municipal projects was the development of smaller units at Rawlins Cross in which existing row houses were rehabilitated with new construction to create an attractive corner development geared to singles and seniors.

In the original deal with CMHC, St. John's purchased land and built units with a mortgage as low as two per cent (through CMHC). A minimum of 15 per cent of the units on each site had subsidized rents with the remaining units rented at a ceiling price based on low market value for the area. Active tenant associations were to act as watchdogs.

The City intended to build 100 units a year for five years but its progress was halted in 1986 when the federal government changed its non-profit regulations so that a maximum of 25 units could be developed each year and all units were rent geared to income. As well, the City may have created its own problem with its success because it now has to compete for downtown sites with the private sector and the Newfoundland and Labrador Housing Corporation (NLHC).

Duff says the designs of NLHC and other private, non-profit units have improved substantially over the years. "It doesn't matter who does the job," she says, "as long as it is done properly." However, the City is actively looking for land as it becomes available to provide housing for the more than 400 applications still waiting to be filled.

The St. John's housing program has offered the national task force a positive example as it works with municipalities across the country to find ways to create quality housing for low income groups. Duff says her city's experience shows what can be done when experts are used to find innovative solutions to problems that often seem unsolvable. "Economic reality has forced us to look at some creative ways of adapting to rising housing costs which may, in fact, have some wider applications in other areas."

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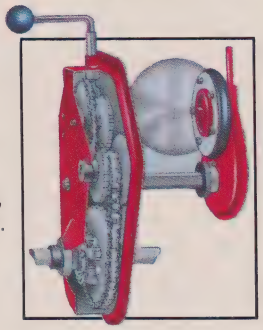
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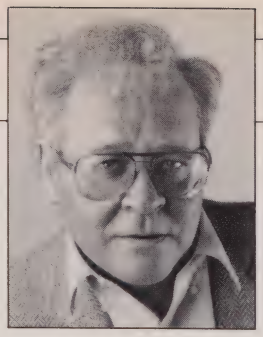


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Another two-bit racist

"You take my wallet and buy the tickets," I told Penny outside the Oxford cinema in Halifax. "I'll park the car." We were precisely on time. When I joined her in the lobby, she'd already bought the buttered popcorn and visited the women's washroom. The last of an earlier audience straggled out onto Quinpool Road and we had our pick of seats. We were finishing a gentle, two-day spree in the city we love best and we were feeling fine.

Though we had moved to Port Shoreham, Guysborough County, we often returned to our city-by-the-sea. We couldn't seem to stay away for long. Memories of Halifax were too deep and too good. So now, here we were, back in the very neighbourhood where our three kids had grown up and it was time to sit down in this familiar moviehouse, lean back and enjoy Michael Caine and Steve Martin in *Dirty Rotten Scoundrels*.

"Before I forget," I told Penny at the top of the centre aisle, "you better give me back my wallet."

She handed me the popcorn, put her chubby purse on the floor, plunged her hands into the pockets of her black trenchcoat, then started to rip into the purse. "Are you sure you gave me your wallet?" she asked and, right then, I knew it was gone forever. A thief had struck. I felt sick and she felt sicker.

The wallet held not only my driver's licence, Blue Cross and MSI cards and cards for unions, societies and libraries, but also a Visa card with a credit limit of $3,500, a Royal Bank card for sucking bucks out of our account in Guysborough town and a card to make it easy to charge long-distance calls to our home number.

I was pretty sure Visa cardholders bore no responsibility for goods that crooks bought with stolen plastic but I was not absolutely sure. What if some sleaze had already used my card to buy a $2,500 snowblower? Without my code name, no one could use my bank card at an automatic teller but what if some smooth-talker presented the card, along with all my other identification, to a trusting human teller? What if some slimeball, at this very moment, was using my long-distance card to exchange disgusting jokes with a friend in, say, Coolabah, Australia? My worst fears of credit-card abuse may well have been lunatic fantasies. But the wallet also held $231 in cash and there was nothing lunatic in my glum conviction that I'd never again see one nickel of it.

The theatre manager was the soul of concern. He was a dapper chap in a grey, three-piece suit. His wavy hair was also grey and in his decades at the Oxford, nothing quite like this had ever happened before. No other wallet had just vanished. The disappearance of mine seemed to be a mystery not even an Agatha Christie could solve.

He had seen Penny buy the tickets and watched her pay for the popcorn. She left nothing on the counter. He saw her tuck the wallet back into her purse. She dropped nothing on the lobby floor. He watched her go to the women's room and, just as spectators from the earlier showing ambled through the lobby and out into the icy night, he saw her return. She was still carrying her purse and the popcorn.

She often left the purse unbuttoned, and at first I figured some light-fingered lout among the outgoing crowd had just plucked the wallet from it and kept moving. But while Penny used the box-office phone to cancel the plastic cards and the manager and I fretted in the lobby, a weedy, mustachioed guy of about 30 came up to us. He volunteered that "an Indian woman," before leaving the theatre, had spent an unusually long time in the ladies' room. Maybe she was part of the puzzle, eh?

Just for a second, my loss, panic and suspicion turned me into a two-bit racist

I am not a racist. I abhor racist jokes. I see myself as an enemy of bigotry and a champion of tolerance. But when buddy mentioned "an Indian woman," unpleasantness flickered in my head like sheet lightning. Just for a second, I knew that the thief who had my wallet was a dark-skinned woman. Just for a second, my loss, panic and suspicion turned me into a racist. A two-bit racist, to be sure, but still a racist.

Dirty Rotten Scoundrels no longer held any appeal. Indeed, we felt so low we passed up the manager's offer to refund us $10. We glumly retreated to our hotel room and in the morning Penny drove 180 miserable miles back to Port Shoreham. Since I'd be flying to Ottawa the next day, I stayed behind.

Shortly after she got home, she phoned me. It turned out that, ever since the previous night, a Halifax man had been stubbornly trying to reach me. He'd tried our old city address but we hadn't lived there for years. He'd phoned Port Shoreham, but we'd been in Halifax. He had an unusual accent and an Arab name and, yes, he also had my wallet. If I would report to a certain downtown restaurant, he'd hand it over.

The restaurant was dark, cavernous and, at 3:30 p.m., empty of customers. The man with my wallet emerged from a staff meeting. He was young, handsome, all smiles. He and his wife, he explained, had seen the first showing of *Dirty Rotten Scoundrels*. On their way out, she had ducked into the women's room and found my wallet on the floor. They didn't know what a man's wallet was doing in a women's washroom, but they decided to protect it till they found its owner.

"Everything is there," he said, handing me the wallet. "It is all there." His people were Muslims from Bangladesh. He was maybe six feet tall with broad shoulders, a trim waist and a manner I can only describe as princely. I didn't have to open the wallet to know that not one of those 231 dollars was missing.

"God, I'm so glad to get this back," I said, trying to push $30 on him. "Here, take this. I want you to take something." "No, no, Mr. Bruce," he said, lifting an arm and showing me a palm. "It would diminish the point."

I wanted to say, "Tell your wife I'm sorry," but he wouldn't have known what I was talking about and I could not have told him.



MICHAEL CREAGEN

A bright light extinguished

Linda Joy Busby didn't live to see the film she started but the legacy left behind keeps her present in the industry

by Silver Donald Cameron

She's often called a filmmaker, though she never completed a film. But she's a kind of symbol for the Atlantic film industry and a film about her has won several awards. Although she was only 34 when she died, there's a foundation named for her. The Linda Joy Busby Media Arts Foundation serves Atlantic Canada's film industry — an industry which could become one of the brighter spots in the Atlantic economy.

So who was Linda Joy Busby?

A native of Edmonton, she began as a graphic artist with a special interest in printmaking — which eventually brought her to Halifax, to study at the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design (NSCAD). She graduated in 1982.

By the end of her NSCAD course she had developed a strong interest in the media arts, primarily film and video. So, for a brief couple of years, she became the co-ordinator of the Atlantic Filmmakers Co-op, a 40-member filmmakers' production house at the centre of Nova Scotia's small film industry.

Even before her graduation, however, she had developed the symptoms of what turned out to be breast cancer. She fought the cancer gallantly, deploying her formidable resources of skepticism and intelligence as well as her powerful sense of the importance of the wholeness and unity of the human person. At first she seemed to have beaten the cancer, but it returned and spread. She died in November, 1984.

In the course of her battle, Linda learned a great deal about breast cancer. During her remission, she began work on a film drama about it. When that proved impossible, her friend Bill MacGillivray persuaded her to tell her own story personally, speaking directly to the camera. When she realized she could never complete the film, she asked MacGillivray to do it for her.

The result was *Linda Joy*, a startling, haunting half-hour film — stylistically audacious, artistically challenging, emotionally direct. On the surface, the film is about one woman's cancer — but it probes far more deeply than that. What is the real connection between mind and body? Who is ultimately responsible for my health? How does death relate to life?

Linda Joy has won several awards, notably a Blue Ribbon at the American Film Festival. It is the major asset of the foundation established by her family and friends. The film is distributed by Atlantic Independent Media in Halifax and the proceeds from rentals and sales support the Foundation's awards, presented annually at the Atlantic Film Festival Atlan-



The film is haunting, emotionally direct



tique to young media artists to assist them with work in progress.

The Atlantic film industry is a young industry, and it can certainly use all the help it can get. It is, however, a rather lusty and promising infant. The region boasts about 45 film companies, many of which produce TV commercials, training films, promotional videos and so forth. Several have produced dramatic films, often for TV, including Red Ochre in St. John's, Carota Films in Shediac, and Capitol Films in Fredericton. A few — notably Salter Street Films and Picture Plant, both in Halifax — have produced more than one feature film.

The proprietor, impresario and financier at Picture Plant is Linda Joy's friend, Bill MacGillivray. His feature, *Life Classes*, set at NSCAD, won critical acclaim at festivals from Berlin to Toronto. It played in hundreds of theatres in the United States and was sold to Germany and Hungary.

Michael and Paul Donovan and Maura O'Connell are the trio behind Salter Street Films, producers of the madcap *CODCO* variety series from CBC-TV. Their earlier feature film *Def Con 4* was highly successful in the video market. *Def Con 4* portrays life after a nuclear holocaust; it was filmed in a Halifax junkyard, which ought to make one pensive. *A Switch In Time*, their most recent feature, is a zany romp set in a Roman outpost in 60 AD. The dialogue is in Latin — with English subtitles. Lulu Keating and Chris Zimmer own Red Snapper and Imagex Films, respectively, also in Halifax. Their current joint production, *The Midday Sun*, is a feature film about a CUSO volunteer in Africa. It is the first feature financed with assistance from the Nova Scotia government.

There will be more such investments, although film is at once an attractive and a disturbing industry for public agencies. The film business is a glamorous, high-tech, labour-intensive, non-polluting industry — but it is also, by nature, a flickering dance of images without substance, a visual sleight-of-hand, a play of coloured shadows on a blank wall. If a film company defaults and you seize its assets, what have you got? Nothing as solid as cod blocks and baled lumber.

But the industry has become too big to be overlooked.

"In 1980, Nova Scotia had less than a million dollars' worth of film production," says screenwriter and producer Tony Foster. "This year it's over $50 million. The growth is phenomenal."

The Linda Joy Busby Foundation is an important part of the industry's new infrastructure — and it has drawn significant support from the industry itself. Michael Donovan and Bill MacGillivray are on its advisory board, along with consultants, writers, businesspeople, actors — Gordon Pinsent, for one — and others. Lulu Keating is the Foundation's secretary, and Gordon Parsons — owner of Wormwood's Dog and Monkey Cinema (a Halifax repertory theatre) — is treasurer.

The Foundation's president is David Hopper, who was Linda Joy Busby's fiancé. The executive director is Angela Gwynn John, a recent immigrant to Halifax who has been in film all her life; her father was the celebrated scriptwriter Emeric Pressburger, whose films include *The Red Shoes* and *The 49th Parallel*. Gwynn John's goal is to build up the Foundation so that it can promote and support Atlantic film-making through a greatly-expanded program of awards, an educational program based on apprenticeships, and a promotional program which would include celebrations, seminars, exhibitions and lectures.

To finance these activities, Gwynn John has set herself the goal of raising $500,000 by 1990. An accomplished fund-raiser and arts administrator, she is a woman of great energy and commitment — and she may well pull it off.

In the end, says her friend and colleague Bonnie Baker, Linda Busby's importance arises not so much from what she did as from what she was.

"She burned almost too bright in her life," says Baker. "Like many remarkable people, she left not a trail of achievements, but a trail of memories."

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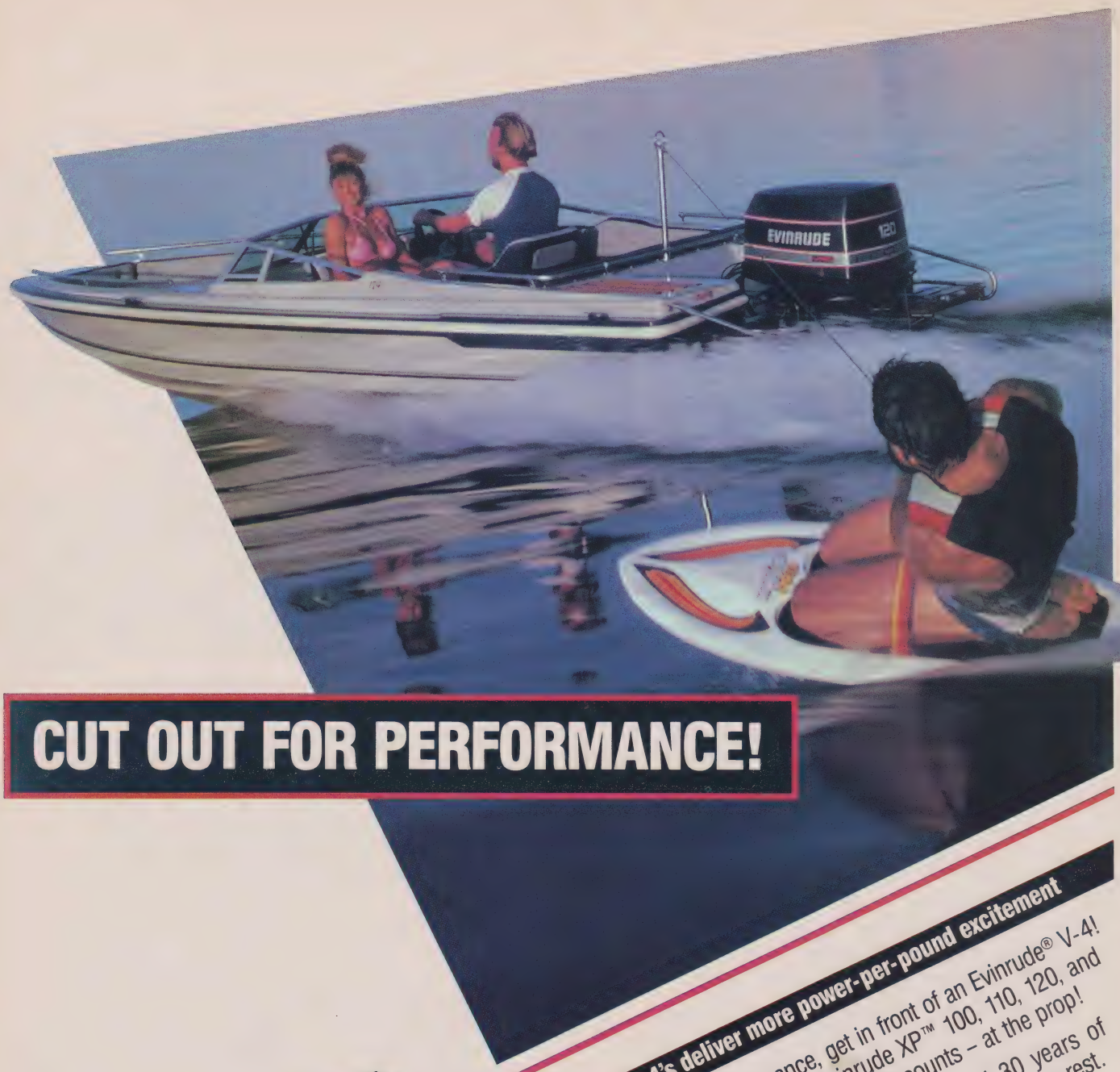
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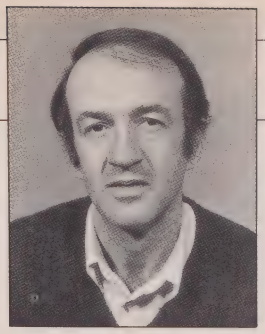
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Racism's dangerous grey zone

In January my 15-year-old daughter came home from school and said, "You'll never believe what happened at school today." I was inclined not to. Her tale was of a racial brawl that had overflowed from the schoolyard to the street and involved weapons, police, ambulances and a sudden state of high tension between black and white students. It didn't sound like a typical day at Cole Harbour High nor anything I would have expected from the state of race relations in the area.

Although parents, both black and white, gathered to express their dismay and to demand an end to the nonsense, the event started a round of recrimination, soul-searching and denial on the subject of racism in the school system. Cole Harbour MLA David Nantes said the parents were misunderstanding an emotional situation. The whole thing was just a "snowball fight" that got out of hand with the fighting mostly by non-students, he said. There was no racism in the school system and this was the "universal opinion" of residents of the area.

In a certain sense Nantes is right. Racism is an explosive but undefined word. In the minds of most whites it conjures images of sheriffs with dogs and bullwhips and of other fanatical white supremacists — something that exists in other places and other times, but not in Nova Scotia, and certainly not in the education system. No doubt all but a small minority in the white population would be shocked and angered to hear themselves described as racists.

Blacks, of course, take racism to mean everything linked to their collective condition, including institutional bias and subtle anti-black attitudes — and in that sense Nantes is certainly wrong. Yet whatever one calls it, there is a problem and it originates within the ranks of the majority. Denying it tends to be like denying the Holocaust — the denial is part of the problem. It allows those who perpetuate it to do so in good conscience.

What I'll call hard-core racism exists in Nova Scotia, but is not widespread, at least not according to my own observations. Finding myself living near the black communities east of Dartmouth when I moved to the Halifax area some 15 years ago, I've kept an ear open for the tenor of local racial attitudes ever since. I've come across only a couple of characters I would describe as unqualified racists during that time.

Even a few racists is a few too many, of course. One racist is like one match. It only takes one to start a fire. And as long as these few are there one never knows what might cause them to ignite. White supremacist murders and attacks are growing in the United States and incidents of apparently racially-influenced killings by police in Montreal and Toronto are ominous.

But beyond racism in the narrow sense there's a grey zone, which includes maybe the majority of whites, and which for the blacks is often the larger part of the problem. This is the zone of ignorance and fear. There's a lot of it in the white suburbs east of Dartmouth. It shows when the kids from the non-integrated areas hit high school. Having never interacted with blacks before, many react according to the only thing they know: stereotype. There's also an overlying social factor. Some of these suburbs are breeders of a rampant materialism, which in turn creates insensitivity and intolerance. The kids with designer clothes and other fancy stuff tend to snob it over those who don't have these things. Among those who don't are the blacks.

Racial slurs are as bad as the retaliation they often evoke

Within this grey zone one finds many attitudes. Most people in it consider themselves enlightened but make racial distinctions nevertheless. They applaud the few blacks who "make it" and see in their success proof of racial equality in society, choosing to ignore the subtler forms of discrimination ordinary blacks can find themselves up against. At the benign end of this spectrum we find people who merely make assumptions — the assumption may, for example, lead a teacher to put a black child into an inferior course. The black parents complain a lot about this. They call it "dead-end streaming."

The most damaging attitudes are the stereotypes, the basis of rumours that lead to absurd fears. For example, over the years I had heard that many white students in the integrated schools in my area did not use the bathrooms for fear of tough blacks who were supposedly congregated there. In the wake of the Cole Harbour High affair the subject came up in a class of white students. The teacher asked how many did not use the school bathrooms. Nearly half put up their hands. One wonders, if half the white students can use the bathrooms year after year without a problem, why can't the other half?

Another local, rumour-supported stereotype has to do with Graham Creighton School, a junior high on the edge of the black community of Cherrybrook. It's actually a fine school with a positive spirit and a model of racial integration as far as I can see. One of my kids went there and the other one is going. Yet the day after the trouble hit at Cole Harbour High a woman was quoted in the papers as saying that, sure enough, these things start at Graham Creighton. This is a subtle expression of prejudice. It says, indirectly, that because there are blacks at Graham Creighton, there's trouble and it's a frightening place to send your kid. The deeper presumption is that wherever there are blacks and whites and there's trouble, the blacks are automatically at fault.

Thus, if a white kid hurls racial slurs at a black kid and the black kid hits back, the black kid is blamed for making trouble. At Cole Harbour High, at least, the events caused an awakening — the rule now is that slurs are equal to fighting. It's a rule that should be in place in every school everywhere.

The groundless nature of white fear is emphasized all the more when one considers who it is that has reason to be afraid. When the troubles hit at the Cole Harbour school, there was a palpable sense of collapse among the black parents I know. After a couple of decades in which blacks could assume that things were getting slowly better, was this the signal that a fickle and ominous majority was taking it all back? The black parents want very little: only that their children be spared the experiences they themselves had when racism truly was in flower in Nova Scotia and that they receive the equality promised by the laws of the land and the multicultural spirit of the land. It doesn't seem to be asking for too much.

Down home doughnuts

Nothing can compare to homemade doughnuts, dipped in cinnamon sugar and so fresh they're warm

by Colleen Whitney Thompson

Twixt the optimist and the pessimist
The difference is droll:
The optimist sees the doughnut
But the pessimist sees the hole.

Ingrid Dunster and Tilly Kilburn could have been the inspiration for poet McLandburgh Wilson. The two New Brunswick women have obviously looked at the doughnut the right way. Ingrid Dunster founded the successful family business Mrs. Dunster's Donuts Inc. with her wholesome wholewheat and sugar doughnuts. The homemade doughnuts that Tilly Kilburn sold to help provide her children with an education kept her stall one of the most popular in Fredericton's Boyce market for more than 35 years.

Ingrid Dunster began her Maritime doughnut empire 10 years ago when she began to sell her family's favourite snack from her own kitchen in Fredericton. Neighbours became her first customers although she also sold in the Boyce market. As demand increased, she approached smaller retail stores and was so successful that the Dunster basement soon became a bakery. With an old-fashioned taste and an original recipe, the doughnuts caught on and supermarkets began to stock their shelves.

The booming wholesale business, now in a large building in Fredericton North, is still presided over by Ingrid with the help of her husband Harold and daughter Linda. The doughnuts are carried by major food stores in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and eastern Maine. (Maine has always known a good doughnut since Rockport resident Hanford Gregory put the hole in them. He poked his finger through the centre of his mother's dough, explaining that the increased surface area made for more uniform frying and eliminated a soggy centre.)

The 55 members of the Dunster staff turn out 10,000 doughnuts in a 24-hour period. Occasionally the Dunsters still nibble on one, not just for quality control or to test one of the new experiments, but because it's almost impossible to turn down a warm doughnut. The Dunster management says the secret of making a commercial doughnut taste as good as grandmother's is to use fresh ingredients — whole eggs, fresh milk and no preservatives.

Tilly Kilburn was a fixture at Boyce market in Fredericton for more than 35 years. Before the market was built she sold her kitchen produce in the open air market around the fountain in front of City Hall. On Saturday morning it was the custom for Fredericton residents to call at Tilly's stall to collect their weekend treat of doughnuts or gingersnaps. No one else could equal the golden perfection of her doughnuts or the crisp flavour of her gingersnaps. When Richard Hatfield was premier of New Brunswick, he often brought visiting VIPs to meet her.

Tilly's cooking skills were well-known in her hometown of Kingsclear but it wasn't until her husband died and her goal of a higher education for her four sons looked shaky that she began to look at her market stall as a serious way to make money. With the boys' earnings from summer jobs and Tilly's "doughnut money," three sons graduated from the University of New Brunswick and one from the Forest Ranger School.

"I got so I could fry pretty fast," says Tilly, who turned out 200 dozen doughnuts for the Saturday morning market. She always sold out.

Although the boys became successful in their own professional careers and the need for extra money was no longer pressing, it was Tilly's rheumatism that finally made her decide to leave the market a couple of years ago. "I still miss it," she says, "I miss the people awfully."

The friends Tilly made in her 37 years of selling doughnuts miss her too...and they miss her doughnuts.

Old Fashioned Doughnuts

4 cups flour (use 1 cup to roll out)
2 tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
½ tsp. nutmeg
¾ tsp. cinnamon
3 eggs
1 tsp. vanilla
¾ cup sugar
3 tbsp. soft butter
¾ cup milk
1 qt. of vegetable oil or 1½ lbs. shortening

Sift together 3 cups of flour, baking powder, salt, nutmeg and cinnamon. Beat eggs in a separate bowl. Add vanilla and sugar. Beat until light then add soft butter (mixture may look curdled). Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk to creamed mixture until it forms a soft dough.

Spread some of the extra cup of flour on a counter or board. Turn out dough and knead lightly for 1 minute, incorporating just as much flour as needed so dough won't stick. Wrap and refrigerate for 1-2 hours to make the dough easier to handle and keep it from absorbing fat.

Heat fat to 375°F. Cut dough in four, roll each piece on lightly floured board to ½ inch thickness. Cut out doughnuts with a floured doughnut cutter.

Lift each doughnut with a wide spatula, dropping carefully into fat. Fry about 3 minutes, turning only once, until browned on both sides. Lift from fat with a long fork passed through the hole. Drain on absorbent paper. As soon as doughnuts can be handled, roll lightly in granulated or cinnamon sugar.

Honey Doughnuts

1 package dry yeast
1¼ cups warm water
2 cups flour
1 tsp. sugar
few grains of salt
1 qt. vegetable oil
Topping
2 cups honey
1 cup water
cinnamon

Dissolve yeast in ¼ cup warm water. Put dry ingredients in a bowl. Add remaining cup of warm water and yeast mixture. Mix well with a spoon. Soft dough will form and batter should plop from a spoon. Set aside in a warm place to rise for 2-3 hours.

Heat oil in a large frying pan to 375°F. Drop batter by a teaspoon into oil using a second teaspoon to help push dough off the other. Fry for 4 minutes and turn each one over until lightly browned on all sides. Use a slotted spoon to remove doughnuts from oil. Transfer to a long handled wire basket and shake off excess oil.

Heat honey and water and dip each round doughnut into it quickly. Stack on a large platter. Sprinkle with cinnamon. These are best served hot.

PHOTO BY ERIC HAYES FOOD STYLIST/KATHERINE CHUTE



Down home doughnuts

Nothing can compare to homemade doughnuts, dipped in cinnamon sugar and at fresh they're warm

by Colleen Whitney Thompson

Since the children were born
the afternoons are short
The afternoons are short
The children were born
After the processed cares are back

I learned Dawson and Ellie Hoffman would have liked this yesterday. As you can probably tell from the handwritten lyrics, Dawson and Ellie are their children. Dawson is 4, Ellie is 2. Dawson and Ellie are right, both. Dawson's favorite thing to do is ride his bike. Ellie's favorite thing to do is ride her bike. Dawson likes chocolate cookies. Ellie likes chocolate cookies. Dawson likes to play with his friends. Ellie likes to play with her friends. Dawson and Ellie are both very good at playing with their friends. Dawson and Ellie are both very good at playing with their friends. Dawson and Ellie are both very good at playing with their friends.

Dawson and Ellie are both very good at playing with their



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Taking liberties in design

A small firm in Fredericton is trying to break into the children's wear trade with top quality clothes that last

by Carol McLeod

For many years nothing rankled Fredericton, N.B. lawyer Barbara Baird more than to buy children's clothing that stretched, shrank or shed dye the first time she washed it. Then, in 1984, she and her family spent a year in England where she found it was possible to buy quality children's wear. "That made me realize there was a gap in the Canadian market," she says, "and I began thinking about how I could fill it."

Laden with pictures and catalogues of European children's fashions, she returned to her Fredericton practice in 1985 where she promptly took on a new client — Ruth McAvity, a homemaker with a passion for sewing. When Baird mentioned that she wanted to design and manufacture a line of quality clothing for infants, toddlers and children up to the age of 14, McAvity suggested they make it a joint venture.

"We both put some money into the pot and after two years of hard work, determination and careful planning, we began operating Little Liberties, Inc. from Ruth's living room in 1987," says Baird. Although she and McAvity had no formal training in fashion design, they had no trouble coming up with a christening gown and a sacque — a bag for babies. Featuring raglan sleeves and a ribbon drawstring bottom, the sacque is designed to keep babies warm while giving them room to move. As the infant grows, the ribbon can be removed, creating a nightgown suitable for a one-year-old.

Once McAvity had completed prototypes of the two outfits, she and Baird hired seamstresses in the Fredericton area to make copies on a piecework basis. With production underway, Baird convinced a few specialty shops in the Atlantic region to give the line a try. Sales grew quickly and Little Liberties diversified.

Although Baird and McAvity favoured Edwardian styles, they also created contemporary sportswear. This year there are 16 designs in the spring collection, including the company's recently introduced "slouchies" — reversible pants, dresses, skirts and jumpers.

Most Little Liberties clothes are made to last two seasons and are designed with both the child and the parent in mind. "The child has to wear the clothes but the parent has to look after them," says Baird. "We try each new design out on our own children. They are by far our toughest critics. "It hasn't been a hard sell at all," she says. The company has placed its line in stores as far west as Ottawa and as far south as New York. The manager of one Maritime children's wear store attributes the success of the Little Liberties line to its "quality as well as to its traditional yet practical styling."

With prices for Little Liberties designs ranging from $5 for a nautical cap to $250 for a silk christening gown, Baird and her new partner, Beth Alexander, (she bought out McAvity's 50 per cent interest in January) recognize that their products are in the mid-to-upper end of the price scale. "We're not looking at more than one to two per cent of the Canadian market," says Baird.



GEOFFREY GAMMON

Alexander (l), and Baird: clothes to last

Now that the company is firmly established, Baird handles the business and marketing end, while Alexander oversees production and quality control. They share the design work, concentrating on girls' wear, which makes up 80 per cent of their collection.

Specialty stores in Vancouver and the Neiman-Marcus chain in the United States have shown an interest in the line, but Baird and Alexander don't have the production capacity to fill the orders. "We don't want to overextend ourselves," says Baird. "We're on a marketing plateau right now, getting repeat orders from existing customers and filling them. When we're comfortable with what we're doing, we'll move on to the next level."

Both she and Alexander realize that they will soon have to expand their operation. Rather than set up their own manufacturing venture, they plan to contract out major orders to one of the many clothing factories in northern New Brunswick.

"Just about everything we've done so far we've done on our own," says Baird. "We're very proud of that. The only government assistance we've accepted has been for partial financing of a sales trip we made to the United States last fall."



PHOTOS BY TED RHODES

The confrontation between Mic Mac hunters and police was peaceful and it brought the conflict over hunting rights into the open

Fighting a 250-year-old fight

Nova Scotia's Mic Mac Indians and the provincial government agree that Indian rights and provincial laws are incompatible

by Michael F. Johansen

Noel Doucette tells a story about visiting a 94-year-old Eskasoni woman one winter. When he asked her how she was, she said she was all right but that, if she could get some partridge stored, she would live another four years. Doucette didn't understand what partridge had to do with growing old but went out anyway with his sons on Christmas Eve to hunt some down. They managed to bring two back. She was happy to get them.

Finally he asked her, "Why is partridge so important that it keeps you alive?"

"This bird here is one of the few that doesn't fly south for the winter and it doesn't starve or freeze," she answered. "It has a tough constitution. Drinking the juices passes the toughness to an Indian."

The woman lived to be 99.

"I know it's against the law but to me it kept the old woman alive another five years," says Doucette. "If she believes in it, it's right."

Doucette feels strongly about his culture, but he knows well the risks to be run. He was one of 100 Mic Mac who gathered on Hunter's Mountain last Sept. 17 to face RCMP officers and game wardens from Nova Scotia's department of lands and forests. Doucette, a founder of the Union of Nova Scotia Indians, a former chief of the Chapel Island reserve and a recent member of the Human Rights Commission, is the father of a large family whose members make Christmas wreaths in the fall that are shipped all over North America. With him were David Toney, chief of the Annapolis Valley reserve, Dwight Dorey, vice-president of the Native Council of Nova Scotia, and William Herney, a councillor at the rehabilitation centre on Cape Breton's Eskasoni reserve. Along with several others, they were charged that morning for violating Nova Scotia's Wildlife Act.

Herney was only to have been a guide for the hunt but the plans had changed and he held another man's rifle in his hand. One mile up the road the police waited for him and his 100 friends. Herney felt as if he was going to war. "My adrenalin was flowing so much, I could have gone up against a polar bear with a toothpick."

The Mic Macs were there that mid-September morning to uphold rights they say have been theirs since before Canadian history began. These rights had been guaranteed by treaty with the British Crown before Confederation. More recently, they were guaranteed by the Supreme Court of Canada. The RCMP and the game wardens were there to uphold provincial law. All sides agree that the rights and the laws are incompatible.

The meeting was a peaceful one. Dorey sensed that the police were in a "very sober and serious mood. They were anticipating a possible confrontation."

The organizers of the moose hunt, which included the Union, the Native Council and the Grand Council of Chiefs, wanted a peaceful ending. In a meeting beforehand, the hunters were told they



Bill Herney (left) and John Mombourquette, a lands and forest officer, wait while an RCMP officer fills out the formal charges

were to co-operate with law enforcement officers. Dorey says they had to demonstrate the responsible way in which the Mic Mac traditionally went about hunting and fishing. "We felt it wouldn't be in anyone's interest to be forceful," he says.

The scene on Highland Road, a logging trail that winds up through the birch, pine and beech of Hunter's Mountain about 50 kilometres west of Sydney on Cape Breton Island, was only one episode of a larger story. Mic Macs feel they have the right to hunt moose without provincial permission and they wanted to exercise that right. But few actually expected to do any hunting.

The main purpose of the hunt was to force the provincial government to respond. That response would then allow all the native concerns to be heard. For Dan Christmas, an assistant to the president of the Union of Nova Scotia Indians, the real issue is food. When the provincial government used a lottery process to allocate 200 moose hunting licences, only two Mic Macs were lucky enough to be chosen. The Mic Mac people as a whole were left out of the allocation, says Christmas.

The need to hunt is very real, says Doucette. He estimates that 80 per cent of his people are on welfare and complains that the government tells them they don't need to hunt to supplement their food supply. "You show me a welfare system in Canada that provides enough," he says. "Why can't I, if I'm an Indian and need to make ends meet, supplement my food by shooting moose?"

Christmas points out that a Mic Mac family is often a large one — ten children are not unusual. He says a father must choose between spending $20 for a roast of beef, or $20 to $30 for the gas and ammunition that would allow him to bring home 400 pounds of moosemeat.

"From our perspective, going out hunting before winter makes perfect sense," says Christmas. "A guy needs food to feed his family and will only take one or two moose. That's who we had in mind."

Neither Christmas nor Doucette can abide the charge that if Mic Macs were allowed to hunt freely the moose population would decline. Christmas says Hunter's Mountain was chosen as the hunt site because provincial conservation officials had determined that 200 moose could be safely taken from the area.

"We have more concern for conservation than most," Christmas says. "When the moose were exterminated in the 1940s, it wasn't the Mic Macs' fault. The province has difficulty grasping the idea that the Mic Mac could pass their own laws, enforce their own laws and won't go out with submachine guns and mow down whole herds."

For Herney, the hunt is part of a much larger issue. "The moose hunt is more than just a harvest," he says. "It's a ritual. Years ago boys and young men wouldn't enter manhood without the hunt." He says the hunt this year was meant to protect Mic Mac culture and he is indignant when he sees double standards in government.

"They let the Sikhs go into the armed forces wearing turbans but won't let our young men be initiated with the moose hunt."

Doucette sees the same double standard. He can't understand why in a multicultural society the government would conduct what he considers to be a deliberate policy of cultural genocide. "We're a society trying to make a contribution but our ways are being outlawed because most think they're not important," he says.

Hunting is important for his people, he says, because — as in any society — food is part of the culture. Doucette enjoys trying out the different foreign-food restaurants in the cities. He notes that Chinese, Vietnamese and East Indian restaurants are everywhere but there are no Mic Mac places. He asks how his people can open up a restaurant when it is illegal for them to hunt for the moose,

deer and beaver meat.

For Toney, the main issue is that the Nova Scotia government has no right to throw natives in jail for hunting violations. He says a treaty signed between his people and the British crown in 1752 and a recent Supreme Court of Canada ruling have made it quite clear that the provincial government is breaking the law.

The 1752 treaty states explicitly that the Mic Mac "shall not be hindered from, but have free liberty of hunting and fishing as usual..." In return the Mic Mac promised to remain at peace with the crown. In 1985 James Simon, a Mic Mac of the Shubenacadie Band who was charged with illegally carrying a firearm,



David Toney's rifle was confiscated by Meryl Bustin

was acquitted by the Supreme Court on the grounds that the 1752 treaty was not invalid, as Nova Scotia's attorney general had argued. The high court's interpretation was that the treaty superseded any later laws.

Former attorney general Terry Donahoe held that the Nova Scotia government was not ignoring the treaty or the court ruling but was interpreting it differently. This interpretation meant, Donahoe said, that Mic Macs cannot hunt year-round. Therefore, any hunt other than the official one is illegal.

Toney sees the ongoing court battle as a repeat of the Simon case and thinks the government is making a mistake by pursuing it. "How can the attorney general's office justify spending tax money on something already settled?" he asks.

Dorey, too, thinks the government has made a mistake. He figures the lower courts will rule in favour of the Mic Mac by taking into account the constitutional treaty of rights of 1982, the results of the Marshall Inquiry and the 1985 ruling of the Supreme Court. But he also points out the broader implications of a Mic Mac loss. "If constitutional rights are being ignored for Indians, what good are any constitutional rights for any Canadian, if Nova Scotia gets away with this?"

He stresses that what people fail to remember is that Mic Macs are fighting for rights, not privileges. "Nova Scotia hasn't been dealing fairly," he says. "They're trying to pull the wool over the public's eyes by making every attempt to diminish treaty rights. Treaty rights were rights signed between two governing bodies. The 1752 treaty was a pre-Confederation agreement between the Crown and the Mic Mac people and it's still valid. The provincial government is totally ignoring that."

Kevin Christmas, a union member, also believes that the provincial government is meddling where it doesn't belong. "It's a jurisdictional question. It's the federal government that has jurisdiction over treaties, not the province."

Just before the hunt took place the union sent a letter to Bill McKnight, federal minister of Indian affairs, to warn him that the provincial government was planning to prosecute Mic Mac hunters and to ask him to intervene on their behalf. He did not respond. Now the union is waiting for McKnight to answer their request for aid in paying legal fees.

If they had acted properly, the RCMP would have protected the Mic Mac from the provincial game wardens, rather than help the wardens charge the Indians during the moose harvest, says Herney. Although he didn't really expect any assistance, Herney thinks the RCMP should have enforced the Supreme Court ruling instead of the provincial law. "I know what they're there for, even if they don't," he says.

Meanwhile, future events await the lower court ruling. On Jan. 31, lawyer Bruce Wildsmith appeared for the Union at a pre-trial hearing in Sydney. Wildsmith asked Judge George LeVatte to disallow the Crown's argument that the 1752 treaty is invalid. Wildsmith says the prosecutor's office in Halifax told him they were going to use that argument, backed up by 50 historical documents and an expert witness. In Sydney, however, prosecutor Wayne Hutchison told the court that the defence request was a "motion in the air," since the Crown had not yet presented any evidence. While Wildsmith says he's hesitant to attribute bad faith, he thinks there is a communication problem between the attorney general's office and the local Sydney prosecutor. Attorney general solicitor Doug Keefe, who had been in charge of the case until the second week of January, says the Crown didn't yet know what it would argue or what evidence it would present.

"I think our chances are pretty good, but whether they're good or not nobody knows what a judge will say. Why would you have them otherwise?" says Kevin Christmas.

Dorey is afraid that if the provincial government loses, it will decide to appeal just to delay the matter. "They could tie everything up for four or five years and no Indian will be able to exercise his rights under the treaty," he says. "It's something the government may look upon favourably. They could leave it for another government and another day."

But if the Nova Scotia government wins, there's no question the Mic Mac will push the case into the higher courts. Already they've given notice for filing a suit with the Nova Scotia Supreme Court. If that doesn't work, it's back to the Supreme Court of Canada.

That would disappoint Dorey. He doesn't think it will go that far but he sees the possibility. "My faith in the Canadian judicial system would be destroyed if we ended up in the Supreme Court again," he says. But he is quite prepared to go, if necessary.

Kevin Christmas figures that if the affair becomes an endurance test between the Mic Mac and the provincial government, the Mic Mac will have the advantage. "We've been fighting for 250 years. The province will only be there for another three or four years and then we'll be dealing with a whole new set of players," he says.

And if the hunters are eventually convicted, then they will be ready for that as well. Doucette says that when he first started working with native rights groups many years ago, they told him he might have to go to prison. "Now looks like the time," he says. "A fine would be an insult, with so many of my people already in jail."

David Toney thinks that since so many natives are already behind bars, he could do worse than join them. "My responsibility as a chief is to protect my people's rights. I will go to jail."

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Gilholm received a new heart in 1986 and conquered Mount Kilimanjaro three years later along with two other transplant recipients

FOLKS

This is a remarkable age and 47-year-old **Dave Gilholm** of Sydney, N.S. knows just how remarkable. He returned recently from Tanzania, East Africa where he and a team of eight others scaled Mount Kilimanjaro. "Only 30 per cent of those who attempt it, make it," he says. What makes the climb even more remarkable is the fact that Dave is a heart transplant recipient and had never before attempted mountain climbing.

"It was not really all that difficult," he says. "The main thing was being in shape and having the right mental attitude."

Dave obviously had the right attitude because he and his team, which included another heart and a liver transplant recipient, made the 19,340 ft. climb in six days. They then enjoyed a week of camping in East Africa.

In 1986, Dave was diagnosed as having cardio-myopathy. That September, he went to the University Hospital of London, Ont. for an assessment and was able to receive a new heart within the month. He was released from the hospital in December of that year. Two years later, he was tackling Mount Kilimanjaro.

Dave says the mountain climb was the dream of another heart transplant recipient who was an experienced mountain climber. He learned about the climber's plans to scale the East African mountain while reading a newsletter from Transplant International. "I replied out of curiosity," he says. Following his release from hospital, Dave embarked on a fitness routine, which he used to get in shape for the climb. The routine includes a five-mile, 58-minute speed walk, swimming a mile at a time and a workout on an exercise bicycle each day.

Gilholm gives credit for his success to a number of people, including his family doctor, his heart specialist and a cardiologist at the University Hospital of London. He says, "they were all keen in my taking part in the venture." He also praises his Tanzanian guides, whose English names translate to Good Luck, Heaven Light, Evan and Reginald. "The Tanzanian people went out of their way to make it a pleasant stay."

— Mary Ellen MacEachern

Shawn Young is a typical teenager. He worries about exams, loves summer vacations and feels strongly about issues that affect his life and community.

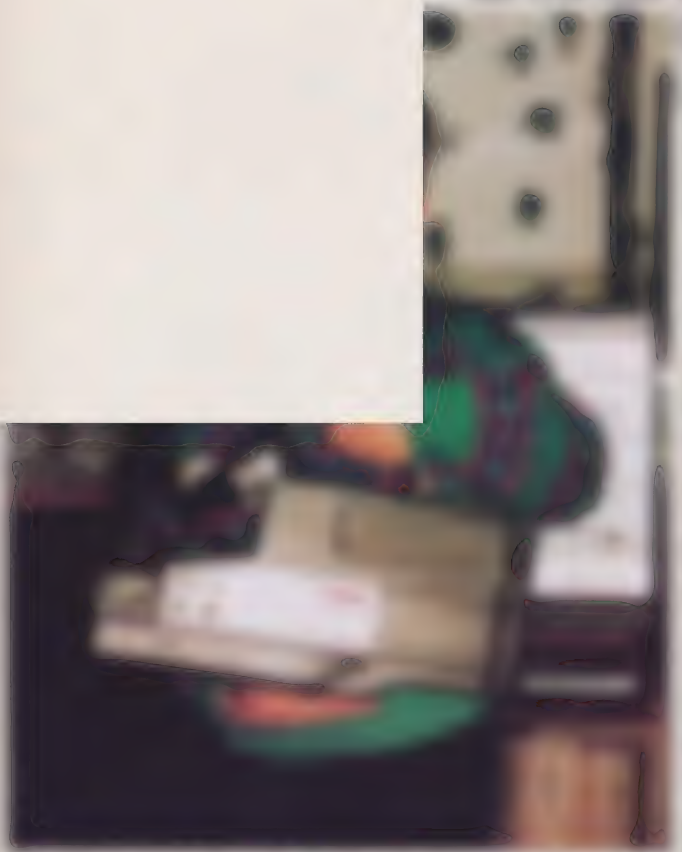
The difference is that Shawn, a 16-year-old, grade 12 student at Colonel Grey High School in Charlottetown, P.E.I., shares his views with thousands of weekly newspaper readers on the Island. And he has been doing it since he was 12.

Shawn's column, "The Young View",



ELIZABETH BOEHNER

Shawn Young: a columnist since he was 12



Peter Bird, above, is again brought in under extreme far right pressure



Bird, below, brings the ball in to Cheng







has appeared in the Alberton-based *West Prince Graphic* since the summer of 1985 and in Montague's *Eastern Graphic* since the fall of 1988.

He's fearlessly and knowledgeably tackled topics ranging from free trade, Meech Lake and abortion to election speculation. "I'm not one to sit on the fence either," he says. Lighter subjects, such as his experiences with baby nieces and nephews, summer jobs and life at the cottage in West Prince County, have all found their way into his columns.

Shawn earned an honourable mention in the Atlantic Community Newspaper Association awards for 1987 in the Best Columnist category. The recognition made him feel he "must be doing something right' and he hopes to continue with the columns when he goes off to university next fall to study political science and economics.

Shawn's wide ranging interests go back a long way. When he was eight months old a bad reaction to a needle left him with little use of his left arm and leg. To make up for this lack of mobility, his father taught him to read when he was two and, by the time he was four, he was an avid chess and cribbage player.

His current interests include sports, buying and selling rare coins, board games and getting involved at school. He's become an amateur graphologist and his interest in analyzing handwriting has exhausted all the resources available to him on the Island. He has written to some European universities for more information on the subject.

Shawn has decided there is too much to do in life to carry around a pessimistic attitude about his disability so, he says, "it's not something I think about anymore." And his experience as a columnist has taught him "you have to be open minded about everything, not just writing." — *Elizabeth Boehner*

During weekly services at Springdale Salvation Army Church, one voice comes through pure and clear — **Chad Butt's**. The six-year-old has sung his way into the hearts of residents in this and other communities along Newfoundland's northern coast.

Chad began singing solo at the church when he was four years old. Members of the congregation soon recognized his talent and encouraged him with kind remarks. Some senior citizens even asked Chad's parents, Everett and Brenda, for a tape of his singing.

The Butts' basement became a studio with the stereo serving as recording equipment. With his father playing the omnichord, Chad recorded 24 choruses on cassette. Fifteen copies were dubbed at Alpha Recordings, a local recording company, for distribution to friends, relatives and interested seniors.

When word got out that Chad had recorded a tape, orders poured in from all over Green Bay and White Bay. Within three months of the recording in May, 500 tapes had been sold. By August, Chad had memorized 24 more songs and a second tape was launched. In all, more than 1,200 copies of the two cassettes, priced at $5 each, have been sold.



RANDY EDISON

Chad Butt: sales of tapes bought a video camera for his church

Chad's father decided any profit made through sale of the tapes should go to the Salvation Army Tape Ministry. The ministry provides audio tapes of special functions to shut-ins and seniors who cannot attend church. Chad's early endeavours enabled the church to buy new audio and video recording equipment. The remaining proceeds were placed in a special fund to purchase a piano for the church.

Chad says he likes to sing and his rendition of *Jesus Loves the Little Children* attests to that. He continues to sing at church services but has also appeared at Seal Cove and King's Point. At the moment, there are no plans for a third tape and his parents don't want to press him. "After all," says his dad, "Chad is just a little boy." — *Alice LeDuc*


WAYNE CHASE

Nick Vardy: Slimy the Snail is a friend

When **Nick Vardy** of Riverview, N.B. began delivering a local newspaper two years ago, he didn't think his own comic strip would end up being published in it. But that's what happened for this bright-eyed 13-year-old last fall. His own creation, "Slimy the Snail," made its debut on the pages of *This Week in Riverview* in October.

Since then, the publishers have asked Nick for more funnies and he's more than happy to oblige.

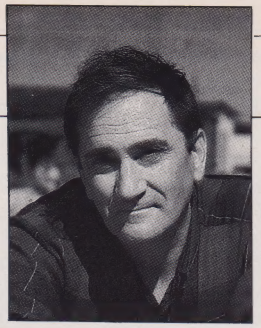
Nick first came up with the idea for Slimy during art class at school. And as soon as his first draft for the friendly snail was on paper, his art teacher began to suggest changes. But Nick wasn't about to see his work manipulated by somebody else, even if her intentions were good. His mother Charlotte says of his art teacher, "She didn't realize what this character meant to Nick. I think that's what gave him the courage to put it on paper."

As for the drawings he's done of the snail since that time, Nick says they're usually about everyday things. He just sits down and draws whenever he feels like it. He draws Slimy battling the elements a good deal of the time, usually with a humourous twist.

Nick's been serious about comic strips since he was four or five years old. His mother says he used to show amazing interest in television shows that dealt with any kind of drawing or art work. Now, he's setting his sights on a career in cartoons. And with junior high marks from art class in the 90 per cent range, he's off to a good start.

He claims having a character people will recognize goes a long way towards achieving large-scale comic strip success. That's one of the key pieces of advice contained in one of 10 books he's bought by Garfield creator Jim Davis. He says he idolizes Davis and wants to follow in his footsteps.

What do his young friends think of Nick's career ambitions? "Well, some think it's stupid," he says. "But I want to be a cartoonist." — *Alan Johnson*



Computerized versions of hell

Those of us who stay at home to slop the hogs or to write magazine items or to simply give a house that lived-in look do not appreciate what a sheltered life we lead.

The Office, once the benign workplace of Beaver Cleaver's dad, appears to have turned into a computerized version of hell, a baleful twilight zone, the modern equivalent of life and death in a primeval swamp.

From behind the cloister walls, we stay-at-homes get alarming peeps at life in the new marketplace and the carnage seems appalling. Whatever happened to life as she was once lived around the watercooler? It's like some science fiction horror film made in the 1920s. Sterile gunmetal cubicles stretch to infinity; blinking, glowing, jabbering machines demand constant obeisance; there's a hectic, frantic, chaotic atmosphere and all the human beings have that stricken air of rabbits caught in the headlights.

To be sure, we outsiders get our view of life in the new office secondhand — from TV commercials, from movies, from books and from *The Bay Street Journal*, formerly *The Globe and Mail*.

On television, the view of The Office as a sort of intergalactic hell comes largely from the commercials of companies with new gadgets to sell. These show frantic persons with the sea level up to their nostrils. Doom and total extinction is theirs if they're not cellulared, computerized, faxed and credited at the right airline.

It's positively Dickensian. One such commercial for a phone company features clusters of fear-crazed workers who are constantly pounced upon and roared at by a direct descendant of Ebenezer Scrooge. No, it's beyond that. It's the slave galleys all over again.

The factory assembly line of Charlie Chaplin's old movie has come to the office. The stressed and jittered minions are locked into step with computers. A commercial for a car rental actually shows these footsoldiers of commerce chained together at the ankles, pushed and prodded through frightening doors and corridors.

Articles on modern business all stress the same thing, that to survive at all you've got to be a combination of samurai warrior, robot and backalley thug.

Survival manuals abound, hand-to-hand combat techniques, assertive backstabbing, sticking it to the other fellow before he sticks you. What used to be the good old nine-to-five seems, at best, to resemble the Tokyo subway at rush hour and, at worst, the tooth-and-claw among survivors of a nuclear holocaust.

Those of us who don't own monogrammed Gucci briefcases should be thankful for small mercies. I find myself more tolerant these days when the cat chucks up in my 1948 typewriter. I'm almost pleasant when a pair of religious proselytizers at the door interrupts me in mid-paragraph.

It's the image of the modern office worker that is, at the same time, so pitiable and so frightening. These guys are "power dressed," they take "power lunches," they have square set jaws and a mix of terror and ruthlessness in their eyes. And that's just the janitor.

The modern office more closely resembles a primeval swamp

Call them yuppies, call them Tokyo-driven, call them the clones of a Perrin Beatty...they seem, to those of us on the other side of the wall, less like human beings and more like electronic devices. It's a toss up which snaps first, their fuse boxes or their "power" braces.

Small wonder the favourite bedside reading of these hag-ridden souls are books like *The Joy of Stress, Hammer or Nail* and *What Color is Your Parachute?*

Into these space-age computerized rings of hell now steps, in increasing numbers, the Modern Business Woman. Any tender concern for the "weaker sex" is today's ultimate blasphemy...so I'll merely say, you're a better man than I am, Debbie Sue McGunga.

I've seen some copies of *Working Woman,* a fairly new magazine full of pointers to women on how to cut and thrust, hack and claw, slash a path to the top of the heap and die owning the most toys. It's a curious mix of advertisements for beauty care and personal daintiness and articles on how best to stick a shiv in a vice president's back and slip your BMW into his old parking space.

The lipstick ads are not the only difference between this sort of literature for women and basically similar stuff for men. All the women Chief Executive Officers look like a young Lauren Bacall.

The high-powered gals in *Working Woman* are definitely Jekyll and Hydeish, downright schizophrenic. Their days are spent in blood-spattered takeovers and mergers and in schemes to pitch hundreds of redundant underlings onto the rubbish heap before the wretches knew what hit them.

But after hours, it's another world. The hand that shakes Wall Street whips up a mean soufflé. *Working Woman* is as heavy on recipes as was the 1955 *Ladies Home Journal*. She does clever things with asparagus tips and salmon roe.

Far from the mirrored glass and gunmetal grey of the office killing fields, *Working Woman* lives among enough Victorian chintz and full-blown roses to choke Laura Ashley. The contrast is so great as to be shocking and *Working Woman* offers much medical and other professional advice to executrices who are not quite as heavily brass-buttoned as Joan Crawford.

Possibly it's to make up for time lost but *Working Woman* at least counsels greater depths of savagery and animal aggression. Those who hoped that a unisex office would see the dawn of a kinder, gentler boardroom just haven't got their fax straight.

Meanwhile, those of us who stay home to slop the hogs or string sentences together down in the lumber room or sick the cat on Jehovah's Witnesses mustn't be overly wistful about the lack of a BMW, two nannies and a T.O. condo.

Chaps, especially, who choose to cower within the sanctuary away from the fearful trumpet of the cellular phone and the livid death rays of computer and fax may actually be on the leading edge.

It is our good fortune to be at a time in history when so many women not only want but demand a place on the battlefield. Best of luck in the trenches and here's one slightly-used bayonet. After you thrust don't forget to give it a good twist...and disemboweling's a piece of cake.

Speaking of which, I think I'll surprise them with my triple-layer pecan and chocolate fudge tonight.



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